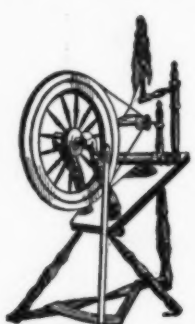


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THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES }
VOLUME XXXVI.

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Vol. COLIV.

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OUR GARDEN.

What?

Not know our garden? The only spot
In the whole wide world where there's
pleasure,

And leisure,
A treasure

That a man might seek with the whole
of his mind

And never find,
Though he hunted far
From the golden bar

Of the sunset back to the morning
star.

Here, where the thrushes spill from
joyous throats
Their rippling tribute of melodious
notes,

And where,
Though still the trees
Sway in this April breeze
Their branches bare,

There's a burst of life and a shimmer
of green,

The first faint shimmer that's hardly
seen,

And lo!

And a glow

That warms the earth
The grass breaks out in a burst of
mirth

And a glitter of laughing sunlight fills
The golden cups of the Daffodils.

Now lift your eyes and see
The Almond tree.

Surely old Adam, when with lagging
feet

And recollecting sighs
Sadly he fared to meet

His lot, and left the gates of Para-
dise:

Surely he thought, when all in front
was gloom,

Of those irrevocable hours
Of sun and flowers,

And that pink flush of delicate Almond-
bloom.

Out and away, where the poplars
bound

The edge of the lawn, there's a jolly
sound

Of children's laughter that rattles
round.

Three little figures frisk together
For joy of the sunny April weather:

Cracketty-racketty, trip and stumble,
Up to it, on to it, bump and tumble:
A rout that never becomes a wrangle,
Flight, collision and shouts, a tangle
Of arms and faces and legs and frocks,
Of hats and ribbons and shining locks.

And, hark!

There's a bark

As the impudent Dandie joins the
whirl

With a playful nip for each plump-
legged girl;

But the great majestic St. Bernard
fellow

In his dignified robe of orange yellow,
In his robe of state

He is couched sedate,

And he watches the games of these
riotous Graces

Till they tumble about him,

And tug him and flout him,

And he lifts his head and he licks their
faces.

So that's our garden. When next
You're oppressed

And distressed,

And more than usually perplexed
With the sort of worries that I can
defy in it,

Drop me a line, and come and lie in it.

R. C. Lehmann.

Punch.

HATE.

(To certain foreign detractors.)

Sirs, if the truth must needs be told,
We love not you that rail and scold;
And, yet, my masters, you may wait
Till the Greek Calends for our hate.

No spendthrifts of our hate are we;
Our hate is used with husbandry.
We hold our hate too choice a thing
For light and careless lavishing.

We cannot, dare not, make it cheap!
For holy uses will we keep
A thing so pure, a thing so great
As Heaven's benignant gift of hate.

Is there no ancient, sceptred Wrong?
No torturing Power, endured too long?
Yea; and for these our hatred shall
Be cloistered and kept virginal.

William Watson.

The Nation.

THE UNREST IN INDIA—ITS MEANING.

In talking of the unrest in India we are apt to forget the new conditions which have arisen there within the last twenty-five years and which have effected a great change in the sentiments of large bodies of people and considerably altered the complexion of even ordinary affairs. The facility of travel, facility in the interchange of thought through the medium of a common language among those who have passed through the mill of the Government schools, to whatever part of the country they might belong; the disappearance to a great extent of those linguistic and racial divisions which formerly kept the inhabitants of the different provinces so widely apart; the community of traditions revived and rehabilitated, if not exclusively by English hands, under English influences; the intensification, in many cases, of religious and racial antipathies, have all conduced to a solidarity among certain sections of the population and given birth among many to ambitions and aspirations of which it is difficult for most outsiders to form an adequate conception.

As yet these feelings have not affected the masses or their natural leaders, to whom the language of modern democracy imported from the West makes no appeal, and who wish to develop India on conservative and indigenous lines. But no one can believe that either the one or the other can remain long untouched by the wave of nationalism which is passing over those classes who are most pervious to English influences and whose education is mostly English. The recent incidents in the Punjab, the outburst of anti-foreign feeling in other parts, are indications of the effect it can produce when sentiment and self-interest are

invoked to inflame the passions and prejudices of the ignorant classes.

Remembering these facts, we cannot be surprised that, apart from any active propaganda, the feeling of discontent engendered in one province by an unpopular measure must react on the others. With the influences working unconsciously under the surface, not much engineering is needed to turn a local grievance into a "national" trouble.

The far-sighted labor under no misapprehension as to the objects which many of the more enthusiastic have in view; they recognize the limitations under which for some considerable time the political development of India must proceed; and until now they seem to have kept within bounds the fiery spirits who have made independence from British dominancy the goal of their ambition. But apparently they have lost their hold on the movement which had hitherto been leading towards reform on constitutional lines. They have practically been pushed aside, let us hope only for the moment, by a new party which regards moderation as a sign of weakness.

Nationalism of the extreme type, exclusive, resourceful, and aggressive, is content no longer with the programme of its more thoughtful leaders. Judging from all the circumstances, it is evident, as remarked the other day by a competent authority whose sympathy is well known, that "the extremists have gained the upper hand." They will accept no boon from aliens and will have nothing to do with foreign domination.

When even a fragmentary part of a great conservative force like Hinduism adopts the disruptive methods of the West to extend its influence and

paralyze controlling agencies it becomes an important element for consideration. There is, of course, no unanimity with respect to the means to attain the desired end. A war-cry invented in one province for a special purpose has penetrated to others widely apart; watchwords and tokens have come into existence. But between passive resistance to Government measures, general boycott of the English and English-made goods, and consequent disorganization of British administration, and heroic methods of a still more undesirable kind, there is a great gulf. Whatever the means suggested, its advocates do not seem to perceive the immediate consequences of an agitation conducted on these lines for objects, which under existing conditions can hardly be regarded as feasible or conducive to the good of the people. And one of the first-fruits of the present excitement has been to stiffen the backs of the African colonists against making any concessions to Indian settlers.

The influence for good and for evil of the students educated abroad is naturally great among their compatriots; many of them are highly gifted, all of them are keen-witted and well-educated. They would probably be the first to recognize that, however much *Swaraj* may be desirable in theory, India is not ripe yet to assume charge of her own destinies, and that for some time to come the present rule is a vital necessity for her.

Quite recently a writer in one of the English dailies remarked with characteristic arrogance that "altruism is not an Oriental virtue." Assuming that it is a Western virtue, if the British were altruistic enough to withdraw from India to-morrow, "bag and baggage," as the extremists suggest in the language of Mr. Gladstone, what is the alternative? Either anarchy or another foreign domination. And no one will

hesitate to acknowledge that, whatever its faults, British rule is preferable to that of the Russians, French, Germans, or even the Americans.

Would it not be better to wait for the gradual evolution of a Government conformable to the sentiments of a united people, rather than by violent methods, or by virulent language calculated to inflame the minds of the ignorant masses, try to hurry the pace and retard the progress? The last fifty years since the British crown assumed the direct sovereignty of India have witnessed changes which nobody living in the 'sixties could have conceived as possible. Another twenty-five years of peaceful development are certain to bring still greater advance. The hour-hand of Time cannot be stopped.

At this moment, however, the nationalistic feeling is so strongly anti-English that every counsel of moderation is certain to be received with a storm of indignation. Thus it is that even men who are convinced of the impolicy of violent methods and extravagance of language as likely to hinder the cause of reform and progress are obliged to run with the current.

The apathy with which the Indian Government has so long viewed the situation is difficult to explain. No one who has watched the course of events in Bengal can fail to observe how an agitation which, taken in hand at the right moment, might have been shorn of its most mischievous features, has been allowed to gain in intensity and acquire a bitterness which it is useless to disguise. Its genesis may be involved in doubt, its tendency cannot be mistaken. Warnings there were in plenty that a movement which began in opposition to an alleged unpopular measure was degenerating into a violent antagonistic propaganda against all aliens in race and creed. But they passed unheeded. An optimistic frame of mind views with impatience tinged

with contempt any suggestion or opinion that does not emanate from approved quarters, or come through accustomed channels.

Until now the source whence the agitation started gave color to the official belief that it was ephemeral; that treated with mild doses of sympathy the symptoms would soon disappear. There was never any real attempt to diagnose the true cause of the excitement that so suddenly—to the official mind—had sprung up in Bengal. It was never understood, I venture to think, that the Partition, however strongly it may have touched the sentiments or interests of certain classes, could without other causes working at bottom have brought about that ebullition of feeling against foreign dominancy which has ever since been the prominent feature of Bengal politics.

The whole movement has been either treated with indifference or regarded as a phase of national development that deserved encouragement. It was forgotten that what was mere effervescence in Bengal, translated to provinces inhabited by more virile races, has a different significance.

In the present condition of the country and the popular frame of mind the desire to placate may easily be construed into timidity, whilst spasmodic exhibitions of vigor are likely to create the belief that they are dictated by fear. What is needed is a consistent policy based on a true understanding of the causes of the unrest.

It would be folly to advocate the repression of the legitimate impulses of a nation towards a wider expansion of its capacities; it would be equally a folly to neglect the appearance of a new force which, although owing its birth to Western influences, is at this moment peculiarly anti-Western. But it would be more than folly to allow constitutional criticism of the measures

of Government, constitutional endeavors for its improvement or reform, to degenerate into seditious exhortations and incitements to revolt, which might involve numberless innocent people in ruin and misery. No Government worth the name can allow liberty to degenerate into license to be used as an engine of oppression—for landlords to coerce tenants not to buy foreign goods, for irresponsible youths to prevent by force other people from following their legitimate trades and occupations or the bent of their own tastes. It would be the encouragement of a tyranny of the worst kind—a mob tyranny likely to involve different communities in violent conflicts.

When bands of "national volunteers" are allowed to roam about the country to terrorize over law-abiding people the only explanation of the extraordinary situation is that the administration must have been seized with a sudden paralysis. And the news telegraphed from Simla that at a conference of Hindus and Mahomedans the Hindu leaders had accorded to the Mussulman subjects of his Majesty their permission to buy and sell English goods raises a smile at the weakness which could let things come to such a pass that one section of the people should depend for the exercise of their rights and the enjoyment of their liberty on the toleration or sanction of another. The idea at the back of some minds that if the unpopular measure which has ostensibly induced the disorders were undone things would resume their normal course confuses cause and effect, and proceeds, it is submitted, on a misapprehension of the real nature of the complaint.

How the British Government will lay the Frankenstein it has raised remains to be seen. But no friend of India can view the present situation or the immediate future without the gravest anxiety. For centuries Hindus and Ma-

hommedans have lived side by side in peace and amity. The fact that the latter had been displaced by their Hindu compatriots in Government consideration had made little or no difference in their general relations. Occasional disturbances between the rowdy spirits on both sides on certain festivals did not mar the normal harmony. Between the better minds of the two communities there existed, as I hope it still exists and lastingly, sincere friendship based on mutual respect and recognition of worth.

It is unfortunate that after nearly two hundred years of constant intercourse the Indian and European should not have come nearer; it is still more unfortunate that in certain directions the gulf should have widened. To suppose, however, that it has any connection with the Japanese victories is ludicrous. Industrial competition in recent years, with the influx of a large body of Europeans who in the days of the Company would have been treated as "interlopers" rather deficient in the quality of sympathy with their environment, has no doubt something to do with the present feeling. This, however, does not sufficiently explain the fact. Schopenhauer, in one of his derisive moods, has said; "Every miserable fool who has nothing at all of which he can be proud, adopts as a last resource pride in the nation to which he belongs." I myself believe in racial pride, though it may be carried too far. The average Englishman of a certain class does not usually show in his best colors in Eastern lands, where everything around him is alien to his mind. With much natural kindness of heart he combines an unvelled assumption of descent from a higher sphere, which, as can be imagined, is galling to races who are proud of their traditions. He makes no differentiation between class and class.

The complaint about political disabil-

ity is a misunderstood phase of resentment at the stigma of racial inferiority. The general European attitude of superiority did not, however, interfere with individual cordiality. Christian missionaries were specially respected. They were the pioneers of English education among Hindu youths. It was from missionary institutions that came the men who distinguished themselves at the bar of the old Sudder Dewanny Adawlut and in the service of Government, and overflowed into the mercantile offices. It was the start which the missionary institutions gave to English education among Hindu youths that gave them a superior advantage. It was a strange irony of fate that brought a Hindu mob upon inoffensive Christian pastors and missionaries the other day at Lahore.

In their endeavors to promote English education among the people and to develop among them the nationalistic spirit, the missionaries adopted a method which, however expedient from their point of view, has led to consequences which they themselves must regret. With the object of developing "Christian culture," as it was called, "among the natives" the Mahommedan religion and Mahommedan rulers were persistently represented in an unfavorable light. The same method was afterwards adopted in Government institutions. There was no virtue in Mahommedan rule; the toleration and equal rights enjoyed by all classes under Akbar, Jehangir, and Shah Jehan were nominal; the Mahratta rising was a patriotic revolt against alien rulers! The ultimate tendency of these teachings on impressionable minds was lost sight of. Sivaji celebrations were not discouraged, as they only embodied sentiments of antipathy to Mahommedan rulers! Naturally, opprobrious epithets towards Mahommedans became common among certain classes. The result is what the veteran Nawab

Mohsin-ul-Mulk described in his speech at Lucknow in response to Mr. Gokhale's invitation to the leading Mahomedans to throw in their lot with the Congress, that English education, by developing an exclusive and somewhat intolerant spirit of nationalism on one side, had done more than any other cause to estrange the two nationalities whose destinies are so intimately connected and on whose amicable co-operation in the work of progress and reform depends the whole future of India.

Nowhere were the relations between the two races more cordial than in Upper India; they spoke the same tongue, wrote in the same character, observed the same customs. In an unlucky moment an ill-conceived administrative order created a breach which there are grounds for fear may widen still further.

It was hardly to be expected that the antipathy unconsciously fostered against one alien rule, even though it might belong to the past, would not extend itself to any other dominancy.

Moderate people among all classes and creeds deplore the turn affairs have taken; they apprehend, not without reason, that it may seriously jeopardize the progress of the country and the introduction of reforms. Organs of public opinion, men of standing, all alike condemn the extravagance of language which has now become a source of public danger. But unfortunately their counsel does not seem to have much weight.¹ To judge even approximately of the tension which prevails, one must belong to the country. If the official classes alone had been the objects of unpopularity, it might be thought that they were considered the unsympathetic instruments of an op-

pressive government. Unfortunately all Englishmen seem at the present moment to be objects of aversion; and the ignorant classes do not wait to make any difference between official and non-official, sympathizer and non-sympathizer. The term *Feringhee*, which formerly was applied only to Eurasians of low degree, is now the common appellation of all Europeans. Prominent Hindus may not maintain friendly relations with Europeans or entertain European friends without being subjected to serious annoyances and molestations. It is even said that the feeling has extended to the professional classes, which hitherto were wholly impervious to it. One can only trust that the report is not true.

Had this phase remained confined to one part of the country there would have been no difficulty in satisfactorily solving the problem, but its appearance in an aggravated form in a province inhabited by far more vigorous races naturally furnishes grounds for anxiety. It is true that a certain measure relating to the assessment of Government lands in what are called "the Punjab colonies" has proved unpopular among the classes affected by it. Apparently there is some ground for complaint, and the objections of the *Zemindars* have, in a reasonable and moderate form, found expression in their journals. Their representations have already attracted the attention of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, who seems to have taken steps to deal with the complaint in a sympathetic spirit.

It is difficult to believe that an unpopular measure alone could have imparted the peculiarly violent character to the outbreaks in the three principal cities of the Punjab, in the course of which the English missionaries, who have so often been the champions of the popular cause, should have been particularly singled out for maltreat-

¹ The *Hindu Patriot*, the *Indian Social Reformer*, and the *Indian Mirror*, not to name others, are very decided in their condemnation of "extremist" methods.

ment. Hitherto a Punjab has not easily fraternized with an inhabitant of the Lower Provinces. Evidently the extremist feeling which is so pronounced in Bengal has made its way into the Punjab.

So far the fermentation does not appear to have spread in any acute form to the United Provinces. But few people think that they can long remain unaffected by the spirit which is passing over the land. Even if no efforts were made to drag them into the campaign, the feelings, hopes, and aspirations which are working in the neighboring provinces must in the course of things produce their natural effect. To say that the situation does not require the highest statesmanship is to court disaster.

The unlucky coincidence which made the recent riots in the Punjab almost contemporaneous with the anniversary of those dark days when India was plunged in the horrors of bloodshed created among the nervously-inclined in England and elsewhere a feeling of alarm and anticipation of trouble. This feeling was not likely to be allayed by the attempt, on the part of the "Free India League," to commemorate in London "the Jubilee of the Patriotic Rising of 1857"! Whatever the motive which prompted the attempt, whether bravado or otherwise, it was deplorable. For the sooner that episode is forgotten the better, for both India and England.

One thing is certain, no such outburst as the great Mutiny is ever likely to recur. It is not the military resources at the command of Government which make it impossible; the causes which gave it birth are dead. The only force with which the administrator will have to reckon in the future is the strong nationalistic feeling which so many circumstances have combined to foster and stimulate. Wisely directed, it might become the means of great good

to the people. It might encourage national education, develop national industry and enterprise, help in the cultivation of arts and literature. Misdirected, it is certain to cause incalculable harm, to plunge the country into strife and disorder; drive the Government to adopt unwelcome measures for the repression of disturbance to public peace, and render the administration on progressive and sympathetic lines impossible. But this seems to be the very object the militant section have set before themselves. They deride what they call the "milk and water" programme of the Moderates. *Swaraj* is their dream and in its pursuit they appear resolved to go to extremes. One has only to study the extremist literature with which the country is flooded, to judge, not only of their aims and the method of their work, but also the efforts that are made to stimulate discontent with the present order of things.

I do not write as an alarmist; my sympathies are all on the side of progress and reform, and even the aspirations of nationalism within constitutional and legitimate limits. But I think that the man, particularly the statesman, who neglects the signs visible to the naked eye, will have a grave indictment to answer at the bar of history.

The character of the situation is thus pithily summed up by a distinguished Hindu graduate of the University of Columbia who is reported to have told his audience that "Hindu civilization was now pitted against English civilization."

The views of a prominent leader of the Congress expressed in an Indian newspaper on the causes of the unrest in Eastern Bengal were thought of sufficient importance to form the subject of a telegraphic communication to England. He considered that "the unrest in Bengal is due to a belief which pre-

vails among the more ignorant classes that the Government will support the Mahommedans against the Hindus." And on this statement an English journal based this excellent homily, that "this belief, until experience corrects it, will excite both sides to excesses." What these "excesses" are were explained the other day to the House of Commons by the Minister responsible for the good government of India. I am not prepared to believe Mr. Dutt gave expression to the opinion with which he has been credited. But if he did so, I venture to think that he has done an injustice to those whom he calls "the more ignorant classes." The ferment, as he knows, is primarily due to men who can hardly be called "ignorant," and who would probably resent its application to them by anybody, except perhaps by one of their own leaders. The really "ignorant classes" have no such belief, except where it may have been instilled into them by persons better acquainted with facts. The fomenters of the "unrest" know perfectly well that Government has not the faintest notion of supporting the Mahommedans or showing them any undue favor. They know, as the Mahommedans know, that in its dealings with the Mussulmans it has always subordinated considerations of equity to expediency, that in deference to Hindu feelings it has maintained an impartial attitude which had this peculiar quality that it often inclined the scale towards the majority. Mr. Dutt's statement—if indeed, he is correctly reported—seems very like the proverbial red herring trailed across the path of the timorous administrator. This dexterous attempt will probably have one effect, it will still more disincline the British Government to show consideration to Mahommedan claims or Mahommedan worth, lest at this juncture it might be construed into favoring the Mahommedans, and thus offend the

sensitive feelings of these "ignorant classes."

The leading Mahommedans of Eastern Bengal, in conjunction with prominent Hindus, are striving to restore harmony between the two communities; but, judging from reports, malevolent endeavors are not wanting to nullify their efforts. So far the Mahommedans as a body have under the most trying circumstances exercised great self-restraint and moderation. They appear to have withstood all attempts to exasperate them or to goad them to put themselves in the wrong. They will probably have need in the future for still greater self-restraint and forbearance, and this need, I think, the leaders of the Mussulman community should carefully impress on the bulk of their people. They will gain nothing by losing self-control; they will only play into the hands of those who wish to create mischief. They must remember that in any disturbance, however provoked, they are more likely to receive harsher measures, lest leniency might be construed into favoritism. They must look to the law of the land for redress of grievance and protection from annoyance and provocation. Nor must they forget that in India particularly law is a game for the rich, and as a community they are not rich. For protection from persecution they must trust, as they have hitherto trusted, to the justice of British rule. It is impossible to suppose that, in spite of the volume of sound which drowns their claims, their voice will always remain unheard.

I have so long dwelt on the outward manifestations of a new force, though not altogether unprecedented in the history of India—a force full of momentous potentialities. Whether the movement can be turned into salutary channels must be a subject for anxious consideration to all, Indians and Englishmen alike, who are interested in the

peaceful development of the country and people.

In my opinion neither temporary measures of repression nor of mere conciliation which gratify individual or sectional ambitions will have more than a passing effect. We know that when justice is on the alert the mischief-maker lies low; the moment its watchfulness is relaxed his machinations begin again. Repressive measures continuously applied breed ill-will and further the purpose of those whose object is to sow distrust in the minds of the people. Attempts to temporize or soothe feelings, factitious or real, are apt to be misconstrued; and the answers they bring sound like the cry of "the daughters of the horse-leech."

As a remedy for the unrest in the country, it was recently suggested by an eminent Indian, whose position lends weight to his opinions, that a member of the Royal Family of England nearly connected to the throne should be sent to India as a Regent for the same term of years as an ordinary civilian. He was, however, to act merely as a figure-head without any hand or part in the actual administration. The office of Viceroy was to be abolished, and instead there was to be a Prime Minister whose functions would not be dissimilar. Although the idea was cleverly propounded and seems by its novelty to have caught the fancy of some, it is difficult to see how the Regency—whatever attractions it might possess for Rajahs and Nawabs—would achieve the desired result. With all respect, the suggestion misses not only the nature of the complaint for which the remedy is prescribed, but also the difficulties which surround its application.

The problem which faces the Government requires consideration from a broader standpoint. It is not enough to apply palliatives without endeavoring to get at the root of the mischief.

The first effort no doubt should be to restore order and to give effective protection to law-abiding subjects of the Crown. The policy of letting things slide, of coquetting with malevolence, must be abandoned. But, without relaxing for a moment the attitude of watchfulness or ceasing to repress disorders and open or covert incitements to sedition, steps should be taken to neutralize the propaganda of ill-will and racial feud by inviting all people interested in the maintenance of peace and good government to assist in the restoration of better feeling and harmonious relations between the different communities.

The Mahomedan historian of India, writing under the auspices of the first English Governor-General, describes thus the cordial relations which, in the course of centuries, had grown up between the Hindus and Mahomedans.

And although the Gentoos seem to be a generation apart and distinct from the rest of mankind, and they are swayed by such differences in religion, tenets, and rites, as will necessarily render all Mussulmen aliens and profane in their eyes; and although they keep up a strangeness of ideas and practices which beget a wide difference in customs and actions, yet in process of time they drew nearer and nearer, and as soon as fear and aversion had worn away we see that this dissimilarity and alienation have terminated in friendship and union, and that the two nations have come to coalesce together into one whole, like milk and sugar that have received a simmering. In one word, we have seen them promote heartily each other's welfare, have common ideas, like brothers from one and the same mother, and feel for each other, as children of the same family.

It is not so very long ago that the cordiality, goodwill, and sympathy, so quaintly described, were general among all classes and not confined to the cul-

tivated sections. They visited each other, joined in each other's amusements, and as neighbors and friends maintained constant intercourse. The change that the last two decades have worked is most marked. And the refusal of the Mahomedans to join the boycott movement has intensified among the more violent the antipathy of recent growth artificially fostered. In spite of the present differences, it is my firm belief that with a little devotion and self-sacrifice on the part of the best men on both sides who have a clearer insight into the needs and requirements of India, and who are not swayed by passions and prejudices, the same old relations can be re-established.

The first duty, however, seems to be to bring the official classes in touch with the people in order to promote mutual understanding, and to neutralize, to some extent, the teachings of racial animosity. The aloofness of Europeans in their general relations with Eastern people, and the inaccessibility of British officials, had, as early as 1787, formed the subject of criticism among the educated classes of India. The same writer whom I have quoted above, commenting on the conditions under the Mogul emperors and those under the Company, says:

Hence those princes lived amongst their people and amongst their nobles, as kind and condescending parents amongst their children: nor did they suffer the dust of sorrow to darken the heart of any of the creatures of God by a show of tenderness to one part of the people and of rudeness to the other; for they looked upon them all, whether conquerors or conquered, with an equal eye.

To this the English translator adds the following note:

The Emperors of Hindostan used to give public audience twice a week,

and were imitated by all their lieutenants and governors; whereas the charge of inaccessibleness brought against Europeans by their Indian subjects is founded on matter of fact and on daily experience, although, after all, the charge is exaggerated.

The example of Warren Hastings and many of his notable successors led to the adoption of a system of weekly durbars held by British officials for the reception of local magnates and prominent people. But as the administration became more complicated it gradually fell into disuse. Nowadays the overworked officer has less time, and probably fewer opportunities, to come in contact or cultivate personal relations with the people over whom he is placed. The gulf which so often separates the two to the disadvantage of both might be bridged, if the old practice were resumed with broader sympathy and a better comprehension of the results that might be attained thereby. A day might be set apart by the head of the district or sub-division to receive not only magnates and persons of education and standing, but also headmen of villages.

There need be no fear as to the derogation of authority or respect in consequence of any unbending, in these efforts. The Indian, whatever his rank in life, hardly ever fails in his respect to his superiors. Of course, the revolutionary wave we are witnessing has slackened the bonds of authority and weakened the old reverence for age and position. But to command respect is a matter of personal equation; and few officers, English or Indian, would be found deficient in that quality. I believe, if some effort were made to bring about a change in the relations of the people with the official classes, it would prove of the greatest help in removing much of the ill-will that has recently grown up among certain classes against British rule.

It is unfortunate that there is no efficient means of counteracting the deleterious influences to which many students coming from India are subjected on their arrival in this country. In former years, when they were few in number, they brought introductions to personal friends of parents and relations, and generally came under the best guidance and saw the best side of English life. English society was less exclusive in those days—and its portals were open not merely to the rich. If the students were gentlemen and well educated they frequently found an entry into good circles. The situation has completely altered within the last twenty-five or thirty years. The influx of students for training and education has become greater. Courtesy to them is now regarded as the fad of the philanthropist or the duty of the Anglo-Indian official. The students have societies of their own, mostly political in character. They are often members of English clubs which advocate advanced politics. They imbibe here the lessons of political philosophy which England teaches with such success to the rest of the world. They return to their homes with not very kindly sentiments towards the somewhat autocratic government which rules their country.

Would it not be a wise policy for the Indian Government to assist the associations which are working so assiduously to promote the interests of India and her people—to establish a non-political club where Indian students would meet Englishmen and their own countrymen residing in England and acquire that spirit of frank camaraderie, forbearance and moderation so essential in after life; where also they might cultivate an eclectic mind which would reconcile Eastern and Western civilization? And perhaps some means

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might be found for the British Ministers at Washington and Tokio to come in touch with the Indian students who are now flocking in large numbers to Japan and the United States for technical training and general education.

To promote the establishment of better relations between Hindus and Mahommedans I would suggest the formation of social clubs where educated members of the two communities might meet for purposes of friendly intercourse and reunion. There is no dearth among either people of public-spirited men willing to undertake the task of forming such societies. And if the same recognition which is now accorded to rich men forming founding schools and dispensaries were extended to those who interested themselves in the formation and maintenance of friendly clubs, we would soon see no lack of enterprise in this direction.

With a similar object the *akharas* which have recently sprung up in Eastern Bengal to teach the youths of the province the hitherto unaccustomed and unpopular art of plying the lethal weapon might be converted into students' clubs for self-improvement; whilst the practice among young students of carrying daggers and swordsticks, pistols and revolvers, which offers such strong incentives to rowdiness, might, however gently, be discouraged.

These suggestions are offered in all diffidence as the result of a long study of a problem the solution of which is becoming daily more and more difficult. Some might seem weak, others hardly feasible. But, whatever view may be held with regard to them, in my opinion the time has come when steps must be taken to reach the heart of the *people*.

Ameer Ali.

JOHN EVELYN.*

The advantage of writing *Memoirs* is that nobody can supersede you. A man who has learnt to write and is wise enough to write about his own time has the promise of immortality in his pocket. The editors of Herodotus and Froissart and Saint-Simon come and go; and the heirs of their learning sit in their seats, take over the inheritance, and perform the first duty of heirs by burying their fathers. The new owners soon add to the estate and honors of their line; and before very long the first of the editorial ancestry is become nothing more than a name mentioned in a preface. It is a law from which greater men than editors, the very historians themselves, are not exempt. Unless he be Livy or Gibbon, the historian who writes of any age except his own has but a brief and transient tenure of fame or life. But there is no death for Thucydides or Clarendon; and there is none for Saint-Simon or for Evelyn. They are for ever the men who saw with their own eyes the things and people they describe, and, though they may have to call in industry to edit them and learning to correct them, they can safely defy genius itself to take their place.

Still, of course, though they may all alike be indestructible, they are not all of the same metal. There is the lead of Sully, with its occasional vein of gold; there is the iron of Saint-Simon, apt for the furnace; and there is the cool and gracious silver of Evelyn.

* 1 "The Diary of John Evelyn." With an introduction and notes, by Austin Dobson. Three vols. London: Macmillan, 1906.

2 "The Diary of John Evelyn; with a selection from his familiar Letters, etc." Edited from the original MSS. by William Bray, F.S.A. A new edition in four volumes, with a life of the author and a new preface. By Henry B. Wheatley. London: Bickers, 1906.

The contrast, at any rate, between the Englishman, who writes so much of Whitehall, and his younger French contemporary, who writes almost always of Versailles, is striking enough. Evelyn's little finger knew more of books and science and the arts than the whole body and mind of Saint-Simon. But Saint-Simon is a far more powerful writer, as he is also a more masterful and passionate personality. Evelyn is a virtuous lover of all good men, and a virtuous disapprover of all bad men. Saint-Simon loves and hates with equal fierceness, and by no means only on grounds of reason. An honest and virtuous man himself, he is naturally, as a rule, on the side of the angels—on that of the Duc de Bourgogne, for instance. But then there is also the Regent to be remembered, who was not exactly one of the angels. And, on the other side of the account, there are the people he did not like and could not be just to, such as Madame de Maintenon and the Duc de Maine. That is to say, that his likes and dislikes were very largely an affair of temperament, and even of prejudice, as they are with most people of strong character.

His *Memoirs* suffered less from this than might have been expected; for there was something stronger in him than his prejudices, and that was the thing which provided the whole business and pleasure of his life, the desire by one means or another to know everything that was being said or done in that Court which was his world, and to record it instantly, effectively, and accurately. The impression is immediate; the pen that writes is hot with the eager quest of truth, and hot with the stir and pleasure of its discovery almost as much as with the fire of in-

dignation or the zeal of partisanship. The truth he gives us is not always what the studies and reflections of another century will declare it to have been; but it is that unique kind of truth, the impression of the moment, which no subsequent wisdom of the ages can either recapture or supersede. And in Saint-Simon it has a vividness, a flutter of actuality, which is unsurpassed in all literature.

Of this particular and most delightful quality few writers of Memoirs have so little as Evelyn. The note of the man is sweet reasonableness; and that makes always for coolness of temper, and not unfrequently for grayness of color. Even where his Diary has not been retouched by its author's ripe wisdom or the experience of later years, as we know much of it was, the man is so naturally wise and good that he is as sensible in the thick of a revolution as the sagest posterity can be in its easy chair after the lapse of two hundred years. He is a saint, but he does not really hate sinners; a sage who only weeps over the foolishness of fools. A far more cultivated and a far more public-spirited man than Saint-Simon, he is thinking too much of greater matters to be able to throw himself with Saint-Simon's ardor into the eternal intrigue of personalities that makes up the life of a Court. Indeed, he is altogether more interested in things, and less in persons, than Saint-Simon. All the petty side of personality which makes the fascination of Saint-Simon and Pepys, as it does of Miss Austen, he, as a rule, simply passes by. He is neither so absorbed in himself as Pepys, nor so absorbed in a few people about him as Saint-Simon. Pepys' childishness, his absurd egotism, his unique genius for the confessional, his frank admissions that the things disdained by saints and philosophers are for him things of daily pleasure, interest, and importance—

these are all as unknown to Evelyn as the Frenchman's heat and violence or his unique air of taking us into the very heart of the furnace that keeps the world in motion. Evelyn is, in fact, a wiser and better man, and a poorer writer, than either.

What, then, is it that keeps his book and name alive? Well, of course, he has one great merit which belongs of right and of necessity to all keepers of voluminous diaries. No man can keep a diary for long who does not find life interesting. The pessimistic diarists are only so in appearance; when you come close to them you find that they enjoy their pessimism more than the average man enjoys life. And in any case they are the exception. Most of these recorders of every day take the intensest pleasure either in themselves and their doings or in the spectacle of the world, or in both at once. The daily pages could not be kept up without the stimulus of the daily pleasure. To the diarist, things, that is, *his* things, whatever they are, are so intensely interesting that the thought of their perishing unrecorded is intolerable. And so Pepys must tell us his exact feelings when people would not admire his new clothes; and Saint-Simon must give us every twitch of the Duc du Maine's features in the day of his downfall; and Boswell finds Johnson's retorts far too delightful a dish to set before oblivion even when he is himself their victim. With men of his sort nothing can stand against the pleasure of telling the tale, neither vanity, nor prudence, nor even decency.

Evelyn's way is a different way from those others, but it is still, like them, the way of pleasure. He is decently pleased with himself throughout, and he is throughout delighted with the arts and sciences of wise men and with the works of God. Neither bad times nor bad men can long silence his praises of fine buildings and beautiful

gardens and new discoveries. Except the two greatest of all, he knew all the interesting Englishmen of his day; and not the Queen of Sheba herself took greater pleasure in listening to wisdom. No sort comes amiss to him. He is always ready for divinity and a great hearer of the best sermons; but he is equally ready to discuss shipping with Pepys or architecture with Wren or antiquities with Arundel or science with Boyle. England has seldom, perhaps never, produced a better type of the man of cultivation, intelligence, and public spirit. There is his world. The weaker side of human nature may sometimes regret that he will not tell us a little more of the actual life of Whitehall, the gossip of the Court, and the daily sayings and doings of that attractive, disappointing, too sadly human monarch, King Charles II. But that is not his affair. Except for one terrible picture, that famous one of the Sunday before Charles' death, he gives few of the details which are so overflowingly abundant in Saint-Simon that we feel as if we had lived at Versailles. As for the most remembered personal element in the Court, he says little about it. As a patriot he is disgusted at the cabal of "parasites, pimps, and concubines" who supplanted Clarendon; as a Christian he laments the King's vices; as a gentleman he stands amazed at their unshamed publicity; but as a loyal subject he says as little as he can about them. The notion that courtisans are the most interesting of human beings had not been invented in his day, and, if it had, it would not have been entertained at Sayes Court or Wotton. With such creatures and their world he has as little to do as he may. His curiosity, insatiable as it is, is of the old sort, not the new; the things which it is so unwearied in searching out are the things which adorn human nature and not—well, not the other things. He is an amateur, again in the

old sense, of the best things everywhere, and of all things at their best; and for him vice would simply be either a coming short of the proper stature of humanity, or a corruption of it and a disease; in either case a thing to be done with as quickly as possible.

There are, in fact, two casts of mind and two classes of writers which stand out in more or less marked contrast to each other at all times, and there is no doubt to which Evelyn belongs. However we name them, "*ceux qui agitent le monde, et ceux qui le civilisent*," classical and romantic, the men of clearness and calm and the men of magic and enthusiasm, the walkers in the broad streets of life where the fine palaces and fair prospects are, and the walkers in the by-streets where squalor and eccentricity hug their independence, it is plain enough in which party Evelyn is to be looked for, if so humble a person as a diarist may find a place in either. The one sort finds everything interesting, even the ugly, and sometimes especially the ugly; the other averts its eyes, as far as it may, from disease and disorder, and ugliness and irrationality. That is what Goethe meant when, with some injustice to himself as well as to other people, he declared that the classical was the healthy and the romantic the diseased. Anyhow, without any calling of names, the distinction is plain, and so is Evelyn's character and plan. While his friend Pepys is as fond of his own feelings as a modern romantic, and as full of the curiosity of ugliness as a modern realist, Evelyn is as choice in his tastes and as dignified in his confessions as the most irreproachable of the French classics.

This, then, is the man whom we now have introduced to us afresh by Mr. Wheatley and Mr. Austin Dobson. Mr. Wheatley's edition is a reprint of that already issued under his editorship in 1879, the text of which was itself a

reprint of that of 1827. The present publication also contains Mr. Wheatley's life of Evelyn, written for the 1879 edition, the bibliography compiled for that work, and "an entirely fresh series of engravings." These, however, are much less numerous, and less well printed than those in the other new edition, for which Mr. Austin Dobson is responsible. This latter must be regarded as the best existing edition of the Diary until some future editor has access to the original MS. at Wotton. That the owner at present refuses; and without it no edition can be either final or complete. Meanwhile, till the portions of the journal omitted by the original editors are given to the public, the best attainable text is not that of 1827, followed by Mr. Wheatley, but that issued in 1850-1852 by John Forster, added to Bohn's Library in 1857, and now reprinted by Mr. Dobson. This text contained a good many passages omitted by Bray, the first editor. It was founded on the labors of William Upcott, who had been the original cause of the Diary being published, and had assisted Bray in preparing the first edition in 1818, reprinted in 1827. But from some accident these editions did not include a number of passages Upcott had intended to be printed; and that of 1827 even omitted a few passages which occur in the editions of 1818 and 1819. The edition of 1850 is, in substance, Upcott's revision of the original text, with the addition of those portions of his intended text which had been omitted by Bray. These omitted passages are not of very great importance, so far as we have observed; one instance may suffice to illustrate their character. The full entry for the 12th of May, 1641, is as follows:—

On the 12th of May, I beheld on Tower Hill the fatal stroke which severed the wisest head in England from the shoulders of the Earl of Strafford,

whose crime coming under the cognizance of no human law or statute, a new one was made, not to be a precedent, but his destruction—(with what reluctance the King signed the execution, he has sufficiently expressed; to which he imputes his own unjust suffering)—to such exorbitancy were things arrived.

The words in brackets do not appear in the earlier editions, and consequently not in that of Mr. Wheatley. So for the year 1638, while Mr. Dobson gives us a whole page of entries, Mr. Wheatley gives only three lines; and in the next year the account Evelyn gives of his confirmation by the Bishop of Oxford will not be found in Mr. Wheatley's edition. There is therefore no question as to which book is the more complete.

Mr. Dobson also gives us an agreeable introduction, though, as he evidently fears, his readers may miss something of that unique and perfect intimacy with his subject which he has accustomed them to expect from him. But, of course, Evelyn was born a hundred years too early to belong to the world Mr. Dobson has made so peculiarly his own. Still he has a mass of most useful information to give us in his new notes; and it is strange that one of the very few actual errors we have found in them refers to an event that took place in the period about which he is generally omniscient. In September 1644 Evelyn left Moulins on the Allier and "took horse for Varennes, an obscure village." On which Mr. Dobson gives a note which does less credit than usual to his editorial watchfulness. "The obscure village to which Evelyn refers was destined to have a more memorable association in later years with the French Royal Family." Neither the historical nor the geographical sense can have been quite awake when this was written or repeated. The fatal flight was of course to the

frontier nearest to Paris; and the Varennes of Louis XVI and Drouet is within a few miles of Belgium, and by no means, like Evelyn's Varennes, in the very middle of France. But this is, of course, a detail and a trifle. The new notes, as a whole, will win the gratitude of every reader by their number, their accuracy, their brevity, and their point. Mr. Dobson also reprints some of the notes of previous editors, and altogether gives the reader a great deal more assistance than Mr. Wheatley; his notes, for instance, for the year 1683 amount to over a hundred, while there are only about twenty in Mr. Wheatley's edition. So far, in fact, as the Diary is concerned, there is no doubt that Mr. Dobson's book is to be preferred; but it is necessary to add that his work is confined to the Diary, while Mr. Wheatley's four volumes include also Evelyn's correspondence and, somewhat incongruously, the correspondence between Charles I and Sir Edward Nicholas, and that between Clarendon and Sir Richard Browne. Evelyn's letters are rather a disappointment. They have little of the ease and familiarity of letters; many of them are given over to compliments and formalities; and some, like the immense letters to Pepys, are rather treatises than letters. On the whole, whether for the knowledge of the man himself, or of the age and world he lived in, the Diary is of far greater interest and importance than the letters.

A diarist has two chances, himself and his times. There is nothing like a living human being, and the man who is really alive and can make us see that he is, is no doubt in the surest of all roads to the heart of posterity. Evelyn is by no means ignorant of this road, but, to make assurance doubly sure, he has taken care to have a very intimate acquaintance with the other also. Few diarists have lived in more exciting times and fewer still have

known so many of the chief actors in them. He was born in 1620 and died in 1706. He had lived, that is, as his tombstone says, through "an age of extraordinary events and revolutions." And he had had the chance of observing them all at very close quarters, and even, it may be said, of playing a minor part among the actors of each. In the Civil War, indeed, like the man of peace he was, he took no part beyond once setting out to join the royal forces at the battle of Brentford, and arriving too late. He was no coward; indeed he had a courage much rarer than that of the battlefield, as later years were to show; but, for whatever reason, he decided that England in a state of civil war was no place for him, and, leaving himself to be represented in the King's army by his "black *manège* horse and furniture," he went abroad and was on the Continent from October 1643 till October 1647. The last year had been spent at Paris, and there he had married, in June 1647, Mary, daughter of Sir Richard Browne, who represented Charles I at the French Court. He reached London on October 13, 1647; and the rest of his long life was spent almost entirely in England and very largely occupied in the public service and in the promotion of art, science, and learning. Whatever judgment may be passed on the contrast between him and Milton in the matter of the Civil War, Evelyn was never a mere self-indulgent man of culture, never an isolated recluse, never an uninterested spectator of public affairs. The long years of his grand tour were no doubt, in his eyes, designed to enable him the better to "serve God in Church and State," according to his abilities, for the rest of his life. And in fact they did so, as Milton's elaborate education and foreign residence prepared him for his way of service. Evelyn, at any rate, began at once to play such a part as

was allowed him directly he returned.

Within a few days of his landing he was with Charles I at Hampton Court, "where I had the honor to kiss his Majesty's hand and give him an account of several things I had in charge, he being now in the power of those execrable villains who not long after murdered him." In the condition in which things then were, there was little scope for public action on the part of a moderate royalist like Evelyn. But what he could do he did. A few days before the execution of the King he published a book called "*Liberty and Servitude*," containing sentiments by no means palatable to the then ruling powers, so that, as he says, he "was like to be called in question by the rebels" for it. He kept up a political correspondence with Sir Richard Browne, "with no small danger of being discovered," and used his friendship with the Dutch ambassador to get information to be sent abroad to Charles II. He avoided taking oaths to the new Government, and, particularly in Church matters, lived in open opposition to the new system. His strong churchmanship was entirely unconcealed and fearless, so that he and his wife were of a company of communicants invaded, on Christmas-day 1657, by a body of soldiers who levelled muskets at them as they went up to receive the sacrament, and arrested them afterwards for disobeying the "Ordinance that none should any longer observe the superstitious time of the Nativity." He was, however, released the next day, and, throughout the reign of Cromwell, he evidently had friends who had influence enough to protect him. Still such contact with public affairs as he had at this time was rather through Charles II and Clarendon, of whom he saw a great deal during a year's visit to Paris in 1651, than through anything he was

able to do at home. But as the Restoration approached he came nearer the centre of things. In November 1659 he again showed his courage by publishing an "*Apology for the Royal Party*" at a time when it was a capital offence to speak or write in favor of the King. Two months later we find him trying to persuade his friend Colonel Morley, one of the Council of State, who had more than once been of service to him, to do at once what Monk was to do a month later; and, again, replying to a pamphlet defaming the character of Charles II. So things sped on to the Restoration, and poor Colonel Morley comes to Evelyn to protect him, which he manages to do, moralizing when it is done: "O, the sottish omission of this gentleman! What did I not undergo of danger in this negotiation to have brought him over to his Majesty's interest, when it was entirely in his hands!"

From the return of Charles II till the Revolution, and even to some extent to the end of his life, Evelyn, though never in prominent office, was in close touch with the Court and the King's Ministers, as well as with the principal ecclesiastics, scholars, artists, and men of science of the day. This is, as we said, one side of the interest of the Diary. The book is full of interesting people. Among the great personages of Evelyn's acquaintance, to name only those whom he saw often, are the King and Clarendon, Arlington and Clifford; Lauderdale, Shaftesbury, Sunderland, Ossory, Godolphin, Berkeley, the second Lord Clarendon, Lord Arundel, the great art collector, and his grandson, the sixth Duke of Norfolk, the first Duke of Devonshire, the first Duke of Leeds, and another first Duke, a much greater man, the first Duke of Marlborough. Among bishops and divines, whom he greatly frequented, those whom he knew outside the pulpit include Jeremy Taylor, Sheldon, San-

croft, Tenison, Tillotson, Earle and Burnet. Among men of letters we find him intimate with Waller and Cowley, and acquainted with Dryden, Hobbes, Locke, and Bentley, as well as with men of less note, like Milton's nephew Phillips and his friend Samuel Hartlib. Of Milton himself he apparently knew nothing; nor would it ever have occurred to him that anything fit for the perusal of a gentleman could possibly come from the man who in his eyes was simply "that Milton who wrote for the Regicides." With his brother diarist, Pepys, not then recognized even by himself as a man of letters, Evelyn was on intimate terms. And as to the men of art and science, he may be said to have known them all. "That miracle of a youth, Mr. Christopher Wren, nephew to the Bishop of Ely," whom he first visited at Oxford in 1654, was to be his friend for life. He took great pains to start Grinling Gibbons on his career, introducing him to the King and to "His Majesty's Surveyor, Mr. Wren," and did something of the same office for Vanbrugh later. He had Verrio to dine with him, and gave him "China oranges" off his own trees. And the list of musicians in whom he took delight would be a striking one even in that age, when all Englishmen loved and practised music. Of science it is enough to say that he was one of the chief promoters and original members of the Royal Society, and that among his most intimate friends was Robert Boyle.

The diary of such a man as this could hardly be dull, even if he were dull himself. And, in fact, the book is full of curious and interesting things, altogether over and above that continuous self-revelation which is the proper excellence of a diary. We pass with Evelyn through so many interesting doors never open to the vulgar, and now closed for ever. We put ourselves in his hands, and he sets us in

a moment by the side now of a king or a queen, now of some statesman or philosopher or beauty of two hundred years ago. We have all heard from our childhood of Charles II and James II, of Charles' unfortunate wife and mother and his too fortunate mistresses; of the Cabal and the Seven Bishops; of Titus Oates and Judge Jeffreys. Here is a man in whose company we may meet them all. One day we can sit with him and hear Henrietta Maria relate "divers passages of her escapes during the Rebellion"; on another we may walk in St. James' Park with Charles II and "both hear and see a very familiar discourse between him and Mrs. Nelly, as they called an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and he standing on the green walk under it"; and though the lady has somehow or other managed to win the pardon, and even something like the affection, of posterity, we shall be forced to agree with our guide in being "heartily sorry at this scene," more especially as the very next scene is, alas! "Thence the King walked to the Duchess of Cleveland, another lady of pleasure and curse of our nation." But we may also see the same King playing a less ignoble part; talking astronomy with Evelyn at Whitehall, or discussing the habits of bees, or showing his plans for rebuilding Whitehall, and asking Evelyn's advice upon them, till the diarist is lost in admiration of his transcendent abilities, as we all incline to be of people who pay respect to our own. But of course Evelyn had good grounds for thinking Charles no fool. He was himself a frequent witness of the King's versatility, and no doubt wherever they met, whether at Whitehall, or at the Royal Society, or at Sayes Court, he had the pleasant consciousness of talking to a man who understood what was said.

But Charles II is not the only king in Evelyn's gallery. There is Charles I at Hampton Court; there is Louis XIV dancing "five entries" in a masque, a sight which Evelyn soon deserted for "discourse with one of the Queen Regent's secretaries"; there is William of Orange as he first arrives in England to marry his cousin and pleases the diarist by his "manly, courageous, wise countenance"; and the same person arriving once more on a still more important occasion, "wonderfully serious and silent," seeming to "treat all persons alike gravely and to be very intent on affairs." There is his queen giving scandal to all persons of good feeling by coming in to Whitehall "laughing and jolly as to a wedding," though she will afterwards so win Evelyn's admiration that he will talk of her at her death as one that "does, if possible, outdo the renowned Queen Elizabeth," perhaps the only instance in all the Diary of his losing his head enough to talk nonsense. But he never knew the Court after the Revolution as he had known it before. There are no such historically enviable moments again in his experience as that when James II, having repented of his first flight and slipped back from Rochester to Whitehall, "goes to Mass and dines in public, a Jesuit saying grace (I was present)"; or that which immediately follows: "I saw the King take barge to Gravesend at twelve o'clock—a sad sight! The Prince comes to St. James's." But even these entries yield in poignancy of human interest to that other of the death of Charles II:

I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening), which this day se'nnight I was witness of, the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarin, etc., a French boy singing love-songs in that

glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least 2000*l.* in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after was all in the dust.

But Evelyn's pictures of the life of his day have other figures than kings and queens in them. Many of us would have liked to be with him when he "waited on Prince Rupert to our Assembly, where were tried several experiments in Mr. Boyle's *vacuum*. A man thrusting in his arm after exhaustion of the air, had his flesh immediately swelled so as the blood was near bursting the veins: he drawing it out, we found it all speckled." And who would not have enjoyed visiting Norwich as he did, as the guest of Lord Henry Howard at that ducal palace which Fuller called "the greatest house he ever saw in a city out of London," and seeing the sights of the city, as he did, under the guidance of Sir Thomas Browne?

We should not have cared enough for Lord Henry Howard to vex ourselves, like Evelyn, at his ill-doings; and, but for that, the drive from Euston, "my lord and I alone in his flying chariot with six horses," ought to have been pleasant enough on an October morning. Nor would our architectural conscience have boggled at the palace as "an old wretched building, and that part of it newly built of brick very ill understood." The beautiful city, "certainly, after London, one of the noblest of England, for its venerable cathedral, number of stately churches, cleanness of the streets, and buildings of flint so exquisitely headed and squared," would have been enough to keep us in good-humor, more especially when helped out by the pleasures of conversation with the author of "*Religio Medici*" and the sight of his "paradise" and

"cabinet of rarities." Then again it would have been pleasant to see Evelyn playing the host at Sayes Court to all his great visitors, Charles II and James II, and Henrietta Maria, and Clarendon, and many more. Clarendon came one day in 1662 with "his lady, his purse, and his mace borne before him," and they "collationed with us and were very merry." And then, a few years later, we get the reverse of the picture: "Visited the Lord Chancellor, to whom His Majesty had sent for the seals a few days before. I found him in his bed-chamber, very sad. . . . He was my particular kind friend on all occasions." One likes, too, the human touch in his note on the 19th June, 1683:

I returned to town in a coach with the Earl of Clarendon, when, passing by the glorious palace of his father, built but a few years before, which they were now demolishing . . . I turned my head the contrary way till the coach had gone past it, lest I might minister occasion of speaking of it; which must needs have grieved him, that in so short time their pomp was fallen.

The magician of English history has given us all an almost affectionate intimacy with that age and its great persons; and one likes to see them in this way through Evelyn's glass, alive and moving on their own stage, where they played their parts, that then seemed, and sometimes were, so big with fate. The quiet Evelyn watches it all; goes to visit the bishops in the Tower one day, and dines, one hates to add, with Lord Chancellor Jeffreys the next. Probably in his position it was not easy to refuse a Lord Chancellor's invitation. At any rate Evelyn was no great lover of Jeffreys, speaking of him as "of nature cruel and a slave of the Court," and commenting with disgust on the fact that he and another judge, on December 5, 1683, went to a wed-

ding and spent the afternoon and evening "till eleven at night in drinking healths, taking tobacco, and talking much beneath the gravity of judges who had but a day or two before condemned Mr. Algernon Sidney." Evelyn had not been at that famous trial, nor was he apparently at that of the Seven Bishops; but he was in court during the most critical of the trials that arose out of the Popish Plot, when Wakeham, the Queen's physician, was acquitted, and the power of Oates began to decline.

It is unnecessary to enlarge further on the closeness of Evelyn's relations with the great events and famous personages of his day. But his *Diary* is by no means entirely given up to the political things and people with whom history chiefly occupies herself. No man, indeed, can have eyes for everything, and Evelyn is blind to many things which his readers would gladly have had him notice and record. He tells us nothing of the condition of the mass of the people, rarely speaks of poor persons or servants, rarely mentions the clothes he wore or the food he ate, never, at any rate, with that pleasure of memory unashamed which gives such details the smack of life in Pepys or Boswell. He never gossips; tells us little of his neighbors' vices, and nothing of their follies; would assuredly not have recorded, if there had been any such matters to record, his wife's jealousy of his attentions to her maid; gives no such touches of rude veracity as that of Pepys' sister, for whom a husband must be found at once as "she grows old and ugly," or that of poor Mr. Pechell, "whose red nose makes me ashamed to be seen with him, though otherwise a good-natured man." In all these matters, indeed, there is a whole world of difference between Evelyn and Pepys. Nothing that can come into a man's head falls to find its way on to Pepys' paper; nothing

that cannot with decency and dignity be said in public by a gentleman is thought worthy of a place in Evelyn's. There is no denying it: Evelyn is a man of culture and quality; Pepys is an impudently actual human being. But for people who have Shelley's taste for "such society as is quiet, wise, and good," there are few books that have a more soothing and pleasing quality than Evelyn's. Nearly everything that virtue values has an honored place in it, and most things that intelligence studies to understand.

Oddly enough, he tells us little of his reading, though his habit was to sit over his book till one or two in the morning. But he tells us everything of his sight-seeing, which may be said to have been half of the business of his long life. The diary of his travels abroad, which fills most of Mr. Dobson's first volume, is as good a picture as one could desire of the use an intelligent Englishman made of the grand tour in the seventeenth century. Every day he is seeing and hearing what is to be seen and heard in the way of religion, politics, art, science, and, most of all, his beloved architecture. So he pursues his way through the Low Countries, and France and Italy, till he gets to Naples, when he characteristically turns back, having been assured by "divers experienced and curious persons" that the rest of the world was "plain and prodigious barbarism." And in England he is a very guide-book of great houses—Euston, and Audley End, and Cassiobury, and the rest—which he is never tired of visiting and describing. Some he had a hand in building, as Cornbury, where "we designed a handsome chapel that was yet wanting"; and everywhere, of course, the author of "*Sylva*" observes gardens and advises about them, helping forward the planting of trees and making of "paradises" for use, for beauty, and for delight. It is curious, by the way,

to notice that it was in May and June 1643, in the middle of the Civil War, that, by his brother's permission, he "made a fish-pond, an island, and some other solitudes and retirements at Wotton, which gave the first occasion of improving them to those waterworks and gardens which afterwards . . . became the most famous of England."

Everywhere, at home and abroad, in time of war as in time of peace, he goes on his way in the same fashion, intent on all things in and out of doors that make for the advance, the adornment, and the civilization of human life. And these are the things that fill his book, though, of course, he will incidentally give us glimpses of other things, such as, for instance, the extravagant hospitalities and foolish magnificence of these days. His father, as high sheriff, is attended by "116 servants, every one liveried in green satin doublets"; his brother's supporters "eat and drink him out of near 2000*l.*" at an election; Lord Arlington entertains "200 people and half as many horses, besides servants and guards," for fifteen days at Euston; and, when a man is made a bishop he must, like the author of "*Microcosmographie*," give a banquet costing 600*l.* to "judges, nobility, clergy, and gentlemen innumerable." What he tells us of social life is chiefly of this grandiose and semi-public order; things the newspaper might record, not the parlor trifles of Pepys. In their place we have to content ourselves with the new art of skating as "performed before their Majesties by divers gentlemen" in St. James' Park, and with an account of several London fogs.

But after all, as we said, the first interest of a diary lies in the diarist. What manner of man does Evelyn reveal himself to be in an autobiography extending over some seventy years?

Well, the man of culture and intelligence has already been in evidence.

But that is a long way from being the whole man. There is, besides, a true patriot, a sincere Christian and churchman, the best of friends, the most devoted of husbands and fathers. All his life through he cared and worked for his country, for the most part without any reward but that of his conscience. It is curious to see him at the Great Fire of London, how public-spirited in his action he is, taking the sick and wounded under his care, and how prettily he mingles the Christian and the scholar, Virgil and St. Paul, in his meditations on the scene of ruin, "*non hic habemus stabilem civitatem*"—"London was, but is no more." And so in the Plague. Being a commissioner for the care of the Dutch prisoners, he stuck to his post in London when all the world fled, "being resolved," as he says, "to look after my charge, trusting in the providence and goodness of God." This was paid work and plain duty; but most of the multifarious labors he underwent for public objects were of that order of voluntary offerings to the country which have always been the special glory of English gentlemen. He was a member of the Commission for Charitable Uses, of the Commission for Sewers, of that for reforming the buildings and streets of London, of that of Trade and Plantations, and of that for founding Greenwich Hospital. He was also a Younger Brother of the Trinity House, and for a short and anxious time a Commissioner to execute the office of Lord Privy Seal.

All these offices, except the commissionership of trade, and possibly that of the Privy Seal, were unpaid; and his diary shows how much time, labor, and worry some of them caused him. Nor would he be rewarded by honors. He might have had them, even the Bath being once offered him, and plain knighthood many times; but all such offers were consistently refused. He

worked, as the best men do, because he liked work and because he really cared about the public good. The list of actual offices he held is far from exhausting the record of what he did, or tried to do for the public. He had a great deal to do with Charles II's foundation of Chelsea Hospital, working constantly about it with Sir Stephen Fox, and characteristically insisting that it should contain a library for the old soldiers to read in. And so he was the person to whose help Tension turned when he was planning London's first public library. He pressed on the King's plans for the proper rebuilding of London after the Fire, and himself went into a scheme for an embankment of the Thames, by which he lost 500*l*. He obtained the Arundel Marbles for Oxford, and the Arundel MSS. for the Royal Society. Half of his many pamphlets and publications aimed at some public improvement, from the "*Fumifugium*," which wanted to give London smokeless air, to the great "*Sylva*," which actually gave England an abundance of trees to supply her fleets. The man was, in fact, a born utilitarian of the better sort, the sort which has been refined by liberal studies and spiritualized by religion, and knows that national progress is an affair of many things besides increase of material wealth.

In all these matters he is really a type of the best kind of Englishman. No man ever more instinctively disliked the "falsehood of extremes"; but, moderate as his principles were, they were definite and unchangeable. Nothing in the world would have made him either a Republican or a Jacobite, either a Papist or a Presbyterian. As in the face of the Commonwealth, so in the face of James II, he remained a strong Church of England man. And his position was one based on thought and study, not on mere habit and inheritance. Few divines could give a

better account than his of the English Church's view of the Real Presence; and he had earned the right to speak with contemptuous pity of Charles II's posthumous attack on her doctrines, and to affirm that she is, "of all the Christian professions on the earth, the most primitive, apostolical, and excellent." That Church never stood higher than in his day, and he certainly has a place among her model laymen. She has a right to be proud, not only of his beautiful private pieties and charities, but of the activity and honesty of his public life. We have seen the courage with which he refused to conceal his Churchmanship and loyalty under the Commonwealth. In the same way, under James II, when he was Commissioner of the Privy Seal, he twice refused, in spite of some timid advice from Sancroft, to put the seal to licenses for the publication of missals and other "Popish books" contrary to the law. No action could be more certain to offend James II; and it was doubly brave and honest of him at the time he did it, for he was at that moment prosecuting a claim against the Crown for £6000l., of which the King's displeasure might easily have deprived him. It should be recorded to James' credit that Evelyn got his money a year later.

It is plain that he was universally respected by all those with or under whom he worked. And, if he is English in his high respect for the law, he is even more so in the prudence and moderation with which he always desires that laws should be made and administered. The very opposite of a fanatic and doctrinaire, he is everywhere, as the typical Englishman always is, in favor of moderation and compromise and the *via media*. He likes neither the Tory violences of 1685 nor the Whig violences of 1689; thinks Algernon Sidney had "very hard measure"; would have no objection, though

an opponent of the obviously political indulgence of 1672, to "some relaxations" in "the present Establishment," nor even to some moderate plan of comprehension; and he is no nonjuror, being too much a man of sense to believe in passive obedience, and too much a man of learning to be ignorant that there was abundant precedent for the recognition of duly consecrated bishops whose predecessors had been deposed on secular grounds. So far he leans in the Whig direction; but he is very hesitating in his reception of William III; and it takes the Assassination Plot to make him fully realize how invaluable that king's life is to England. But here, as always, he objects to extreme measures, and when all lawyers were called upon to take an oath renouncing James II, he censures the proposal as "a very entangling contrivance of the Parliament." So again, anti-Papist as he was, he disapproves the hard laws about the estates of Roman Catholics. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that, if Ireland had been governed in his spirit, we should never have had an Irish question; and, if we had always handled colonial sensitiveness in the civil and conciliatory fashion he and his Council of Plantations recommended, we might never have lost America.

The truth is that he was guided, in his political as in his private and social life, by the kindly equity natural to a Christian and a gentleman. That age clung to many practices which we should now call barbarous and inhuman; but in all such matters Evelyn belongs rather to the world of Cowper and Wilberforce than to the world of Jeffreys. He hated horse-bating as "a wicked and barbarous sport," was soon weary of the "rude and dirty pastime" of bull-baiting, and declared some contemporary methods of warfare to be "totally averse to humanity or Christianity." Indeed he is a grave man all

through, and, though so strong a churchman, has not lived among Puritans for nothing. He despises and dislikes the "impertinences" of the Carnival and its "idle, ridiculous pastimes," is no friend to foolish revellings anywhere, whether at the Middle Temple or at Newmarket, and escapes to his books when they take to gambling at Euston. There is as much of the scholar's disdain, no doubt, in this, as of the Puritan's principles; but in either way it is characteristic enough of the man. The picture he leaves us is of a man wholly given up to serious things, not by a severe sense of duty, but by natural taste and temper. His life is entirely in the things of the mind and the things of the soul. It is one long record of happy activities and happy pieties. His worldly prosperities and his many bereavements are referred with equal devotion to Him who was in his eyes not so much the "great Taskmas-

ter" of Milton's noble sonnet, as the wise and merciful Father of all men. Nothing can disturb his quiet faith; not the loss of his wonderful boy, nor that of his saintly and accomplished daughter, nor the death of so many more of "my very dear children"; not the Plague, nor the Fire, nor even the Court of Charles II. And so he moves on to his serene and beautiful old age, in which every birthday looks back with thankful piety on the past, and forward with expectant submission to the inevitable and steadily nearing end. He died at Wotton on the 27th of February 1706, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. There is no better key to his life than the motto he chose for himself: "omnia explorate; meliora retinete." He is a man of miscellaneous culture who never became its slave, but was strong enough to choose among its treasures and to use the best.

John C. Bailey.

The Quarterly Review.

THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Majendie and the Admiral got determinedly into the boat without wasting words in explaining their intentions. However, there was no one to demand explanations. William was not in sight, and Charles was resting languidly in his deck-chair. He did not feel that he had had enough sleep to compensate him for his really unheard-of exertions during the silent hours; presently, indeed, he intended to stroll down to the osier-bed, but just now he wanted repose. Talbot, that man of iron, had departed with his fishing-tackle immediately after breakfast. If he felt tired he did not say so; there are certain exalted frames of mind in which the body is unconscious of fatigue.

The Admiral elected to be landed on the other bank, and Majendie went on

down stream alone, sculling briskly. On nearing a field that contained a brindled cow, however, he slackened speed and gazed reflectively at a certain willow. Then he remembered Talbot, and bent to the sculls again abruptly. It was full early when he reached the village shop, which he entered demanding a pound of tea. While it was being wrapped up he casually asked if there had been any other customer that morning, and finding that Agatha had not yet come he left without completing his purchases. Then he reconnoitred the approaches. Majendie had never been a volunteer and the survey did not appeal to any professional instincts. Therefore going a little way along the lane that led down to the mill, he sat down on a

bank under the hedge, close to the locked gate, out of sight of a person coming up the hill, and waited.

He had long to wait. His first pipe, which he had postponed in order to get off sooner, fizzled out to the relief of all the gnats in the neighborhood, who sought revenge for their temporary defeat at once. Majendie grew impatient, and lit a second pipe, justifying this excess by telling himself that there might be a malarial mosquito among the number of his persecutors. He was even about to fill a third when he heard a quick, decided, yet light tread approaching. He put his pipe in his pocket and adjusted his eye-glasses.

"Good-morning, Miss Neave," he said, standing up and bowing in his best manner. It would have impressed any reasonable invalid with the utmost confidence, being an exact copy of that calculated inclination which had distinguished his father among those who help to preserve our duchesses for us, had procured that eminent physician a knighthood, and would doubtless grace a baronetcy.

But Agatha was by this time sure that she was an invalid no longer, and she was not impressed. Perhaps the bow was hardly congruous with holiday attire. Majendie himself realized this almost as soon as it was made, and reflected that the magnificent Charles would never have perpetrated it in the circumstances. Sir Seymour had made a study of the art of bowing, and he would have instructed the tyro somewhat after this fashion. A hat of soft felt being at best an un-English head-gear, justifies a slight exaggeration in profundity, a graceful sweep of the arm in its replacement. A panama demands a certain ease of execution conveying a suggestion of correct informality. But the delicate nuances of the art are only attained by the medium of an immaculate silk

hat, not unaided by the concomitant frock-coat. Only by their conjoint employment can be conveyed the bow proper, which should completely express the history, social status, profession, or (preferably) lack thereof, of the artistic performer. The "interior" of a Dutch master cannot be emulated when the artist has only the tools of a house-painter; in such circumstances he must content himself with broad impressionist effects. It was here that Majendie erred. Yet it would have puzzled the magnificent Charles to have accomplished an adequate performance with the cloth cap at Majendie's disposal. Had Talbot only fallen in with his suggestion of hiding the Gladstone bag in a really safe place it might have been different.

As it was Agatha passed him with an acknowledgment, polite but distant, of the kind given to over-pertinacious acquaintances, and quite in the grand manner as practised in Ealing. She had determined on this precise greeting in the event of his reappearance, a contingency Cicely's artless assumptions had rendered distasteful. She pursued her walk a little flushed, but hoping the incident was closed. But Majendie was something of a strategist; her advance was impeded by the locked and five-barred gate, and she was impeded by a basket and a parasol. "Permit me," he said.

The lane was too narrow for her to dodge him, if indeed such an undignified idea had even occurred to her, so she perforce surrendered her basket and allowed him to help her across. A wild scheme of seizing the basket and hurrying on to the shop before he could get over came into her head, but Majendie did not offer to give it up. Instead he surmounted the stile without hurry and shook her outstretched hand with effusion. Agatha had been preparing a set speech, but this rapid movement baffled her. "You are go-

ing to the shop?" he enquired, settling the basket comfortably on his arm.

"Yes," Agatha admitted. "Pray do not trouble to carry my basket; I can manage quite well."

"No trouble at all," he said cheerfully; "I'm going there too."

Agatha, inwardly rebellious, saw no way out for the moment. She was reduced to silence, and began to walk rather quickly. It was evident that she did not intend to speak to him more than was absolutely necessary. Majendie again cursed the stroke of fortune that had given to Talbot the sole access to the Gladstone bag,—Talbot, to whom a knowledge of its whereabouts could be of no possible utility. However, professional appearance or unprofessional appearance, he was not to be baffled. "You are not compelled to hurry, I hope," he said. "Walking fast is not a good thing when the sun is so hot."

"I've got to be back as soon as I can," she stated, but slackening her pace a little.

"What a pity!" said Majendie; "I've been waiting for you such a long time."

"You shouldn't have done that," she objected.

"May I not hope for forgiveness, if it is an offence?" he asked, smiling.

"I oughtn't to be talking to you at all," Agatha returned with severity.

"Because we've not been properly introduced?" he questioned. His tone suggested a suspicion of irony that was fortunately lost upon Agatha.

"My aunt would not like it at all," she replied.

Majendie suddenly displayed contrition for past offences. "Do you think I ought to have waited for an introduction before—when you—?"

"You said it *wasn't* mad," Agatha broke in irrelevantly. Then she was angry with herself for having answered him; silence, she remembered,

is considered the most truly dignified course to take in Ealing.

"But you deigned to require me then," pursued he. "Shall I have to hire a cow, as to whose sanity there may be two opinions, every time I want to speak to you?"

"You oughtn't to want to speak to me at all." Agatha's tone was uncompromising. She hated being bantered, and that was evidently her fate just now. "Give me my basket, please," she concluded.

"Let you carry a basket, when I am going your way! I couldn't think of such a thing," said Majendie in chivalrous horror. "Besides, Miss Neave, you really must not be angry with me, because I want to ask you a favor. That's why I've been waiting here so long. I've been sent out to buy stores for my party and I've lost the list they gave me. I don't know any more about house-keeping than,—you do about mad cows," he was going to add, but suppressed it for fear it should weaken his argument. "So I was hoping you might be able to tell me the sort of things I ought to buy. Otherwise we shall all starve, and I haven't done anything so very dreadful that you should want that, have I?"

Agatha relented a little. "But how can I know what you want?" she asked.

"If you don't it will be dreadful," he replied. "I ordered a shilling's worth of salt once, and they gave me a block so big that I had to bury it in a field. It would have killed all the fish in the river, and I am sure I shall do much worse now if I am left to my own devices. So you really must help."

"But how can I? What ought you to get?"

"Everything. There's nothing in the larder, I'm told, and they gave me a list about a yard long."

"You ought always to have a reserve to fall back upon," stated Aga-

tha in Aunt Charlotte's most practical manner. She was beginning to be interested. First and foremost a woman loves shopping on her own behalf; next she loves shopping for some one else. "Do you drink tea or coffee?" she asked.

"I drink both," said Majendie. "Talbot generally drinks beer."

"Not for breakfast?" said Agatha, a little shocked.

"Oh, not for breakfast, of course," he agreed hastily; "coffee then, tea later."

"Two ounces a head," Agatha began to calculate, "ought to last you a week, say a pound. I expect you waste a little if you do all your own cooking," she added with a touch of feminine scorn. As his pound was only estimated for two days this was perhaps justified.

"Thanks awfully," said he; "and how much coffee?"

"Twice as much as the tea, my aunt says. Then you'll want bacon——"

"Do let us sit down," Majendie pleaded, "and then I can write it all on a piece of paper. It's awfully good of you."

Agatha yielded unthinkingly. At her dictation Majendie recorded a number of details with which he purposed to confound William. Meanwhile her manner perceptibly softened, to his secret amusement. Of set purpose he was allowing himself to be instructed, and Agatha enjoyed few opportunities of imparting instruction except to Cicely, and Cicely, though on occasion a patient listener, after all remained Cicely; here Agatha had a seemingly genuine pupil, and had also the opportunity of recovering her lost dignity. In her heart she had been vexed at being in so ridiculous a plight when they first met. It was a position wholly unworthy of a niece of Mrs. Lauriston, a daughter of Bel Alp. Now, however, she was rapidly regaining her prestige.

Macmillan's Magazine.

Majendie scribbled away, thinking of other things, and when the lesson was over they proceeded amicably to the shop. Here he did not give his orders, but seized Agatha's basket so soon as it was full. "The least I can do is to carry it back part of the way," he said. Agatha's scruples began to return, as he perceived. "No, I am not going to take *no*," he continued when they were out of the shop; "when you've saved me my work for a week, too. It is a pity I don't know Mrs. Lauriston, but perhaps Mr. Lauriston will introduce me. Meantime I'm going to carry your basket."

"You know my uncle?" said Agatha, a little relieved but somewhat surprised.

"Oh, yes," returned Majendie untruthfully, for he had never had the pleasure of actually meeting that gentleman; "but I'm hardly in calling trim just now, or I'd carry the basket a little further. I won't tell about the cow anyhow."

Agatha submitted to his escort. It was not quite what she had expected, but then she had not anticipated such pertinacity. After all he knew Uncle Henry, a puzzling but on the whole reassuring circumstance. Moreover it was not unflattering to find that he was anxious for her society, and, for all his unconventional attire, he compared favorably with the young men who combined "something in the City" with a residence in Ealing. And lastly, though Agatha was the niece of Mrs. Lauriston, she was also the daughter of Mr. Neave; and Mr. Neave had never been remarkable for a devoted adherence to the principles of decorum which obtain in that elegant suburb; and it may be that she found it not unalluring, just for once, to make an experiment in what Mrs. Lauriston would have called "living her own life."

(To be continued.)

THE HAGUE.

If the all-knowing gods had unanimously chosen a place on earth for a Peace Conference, they would certainly have pitched upon The Hague. Open, unprotected, utterly indefensible, it has basked, smiling, just behind the storm-swept edge of the ocean for centuries. Bleak, shifting downs roll up to the very gardens of its suburban villas; ancient historical forests proffer mild memories of their vastness in woody parks and winding shady ways; it is essentially a place to be at peace. Although so mingled with the doings of the House of Orange that every square has an historical association, every old palace and park its story, though the Parliaments of the Dutch States have met there since 1465, and suave ambassadors have brought it weighty questions and strange faces since the sixteenth century, there is a pretty irresponsibility about this "largest village of the world" that has endeared it to the pleasure-lover of all ages.

The records mention a hunting-lodge of the Counts of Holland as standing where the "Binnenhof" now is as far back as 1097. A great band of forest ran here from north to south, and the old writings tell us that the Counts of Holland came here "to hunt with falcon and spear, "to course hair with hair," and "to follow with horse and hound the forest-bull, the stately stag, and the cruel boar." Young Count William II. seems especially to have loved this wild teeming forest-land that sang with the North Sea winds, and spurred down fearlessly to the stormy belt of gray sand-hills which kept a whole ocean at bay. The low water meadows round his other castles will have seemed tame holdings to his daring spirit, which carried him

to "Ehrenbreitstein," at the mouth of the Moselle, and farther yet afield. Anyhow, it was he who in 1249 determined to build a new stronghold worthy of his high position of elected Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. Thus arose "'s Gravenhage," the garden or pleasure "oord" of the Counts, or "Graafs," of Holland—"Den Haag," as the Dutch often call it, "La Haye" of the French, "The Hague" of the English—its origin a royal hunting-lodge, its cradle the kingly "Binnenhof," which has survived plunder and warfare till to-day.

The stately "Ridder Zaal," or "Hall of the Knights," has been repaired and neglected and repaired again almost out of all knowledge; but still portions of it date back to Count William II. and his "intelligent workmen," and one must be grateful in "this most neat place" that any of the original is left to us at all. The State has just spent about £100,000 (1,200,000 gulden) in restoring it to some of its first beauty of oak-arched ceiling, high-roofed chimneypiece, stained glass, and carved woodwork, whilst the outside has been patched judiciously under the supervision of an artist.

Queen Wilhelmina opened her Parliament here for the first time in 1904; since then it has become the official place for the inauguration of the annual session; and it is here that the Peace Conference is being held this summer.

Thus does this ancient "Binnenhof," or "stronghold of the counts," remain the beating heart of the land, just as the "village" has ever held its own as the "pleasure spot" of its princes. Grand edicts and daring resolutions have been flung from its portals in the teeth of the world—the ghost of Philip

of Spain will haunt it mourning—and now in these more practical, if less influential, days, when government offices and quiet archives nestle in its shadows, Peace comes with her olive branches, treading as on hallowed ground the spot where, three hundred years ago, Freedom and her trampled rights found sanctuary and honor.¹

There is nothing gruesome about the "Binnenhof," though "the heavy affairs of State and land" have been "considered" there for ages. One leaves it unappalled: it is typically ghostly, yet eminently cheerful; its dark secrets—if it has any—are well hidden.

One turns with a tightening of the heart to the old "Prisoners' Gate," which was at one time part of the "Buiten," or "Outer Court." Here one realizes that, like all fascinating personalities, The Hague is many-sided; she has had her black moments, her terrible hours. The "Prisoners' Gate" is a little, dark, turreted arch with a prison hidden away beside it, with gloomy cells where prisoners were starved to death in view of savory kitchens. A stone floor, deeply indented, tells how victims were maddened to death with the drip, drip, drip of water on their heads. One sees the rooms whence the famous brothers John and Cornells de Wit were dragged to be murdered ingloriously by the angry burghers in 1672. It is the wrinkle on the smiling face of The Hague. But just as the "Prisoners' Gate" is miniature, so are The Hague's priceless museums and picture galleries merciful. The Hague is never a bore; nothing is overwhelming there or long-winded. One can go out and feast on a few masterpieces in the morning, and stroll to another tiny paradise in the afternoon. The old house of Count Maurice of Nassau shelters Rembrandt's "Lesson in Anat-

omy" and Potter's "Bull." Its staircase is a dream of perfection; the view from its windows is more Dutch than an old master. At the Museum Mesdag gray Israëls, yellow Bosbooms, cloudy Marises, and tender Mauves send one home unfatigued and grateful.

One remembers the Hague pictures with joy, not only because one realizes that if God had not invented light, Rembrandt would have done so, or something of the real beauty of ugliness with Israëls, but also because one's feet are not heavy with much tramping, nor one's brain benumbed with too large a dose of art. One can yet find quaint canals where the dark, white-windowed houses lean lovingly towards the crazy old trees, and the splash of the bargeman's pole echoes sleepily under the bridges. The shades of Tromp and de Ruyter might stride down these old quays quite harmoniously; indeed, the knockers gleaming on the panelled doors may have been rapped lustily by their own brave hands.

These half-forgotten, wholly silent corners are seventeenth century unadulterated, and it is chiefly the memory of these living "old masters" that the stranger carries away with him when he turns ~~his back~~ upon The Hague. Indeed, this old-world atmosphere has colored The Hague for all of us. The scent of other days clings to it tenderly, as the spirits of Johnson and Goldsmith still haunt the degenerate and 'bus-cursed Strand. We remember that merry King Charles returned to his kingdom from "Scheveling." Was it not here that, after his shabby hiding in Breda, he was "so joyful" at the money brought him by Sir J. Grenville that "he called the Duke of York and the Princess Royal to look at it as it lay in the portmantau"? Have not the hunted and downtrodden of all centuries taken

¹ "The Act of Abjuration," July 26, 1581.

refuge in this unwall'd sanctuary? It stands out, too, as a fitting frame for much that is glorious in Dutch history. William the Silent, with high, calm brow and pointed beard, turns to and fro in the "Binnenhof," planning the Spaniards' fall and the victory of Protestantism. We see Admiral de Ruyter, stern and rugged before the insolent "States General," and hear the world-famed answer with which he threw back their taunt of cowardice. "If ordered, I will carry my flag out to sea on a single ship, and where the States will risk its honor, there goes my life ungrudgingly."

Most foreigners would therefore be surprised to hear that The Hague is, after all, principally a modern town. In 1730 it had but 14,000 inhabitants, in 1905 it had over 250,000, having doubled its population in twenty-five years. Even in this extraordinary increase it has been true to its old character of a place to pleasure in. Hundreds of Dutch-Indian colonists settle there yearly, to enjoy earnings and pensions as jovially as their equatorial livers will permit, forming a curry-eating coterie of their own. A very select and idle cosmopolitan society hovers round the Legations. Thousands of holiday-makers flood it yearly from Scheveningen. White, spotless electric trams take one for a few pence to and from the sea. Club life has been brought to a high pitch of perfection. Its shops are the best in Holland, its streets narrow, cosy, and well filled. One strolls in The Hague and keeps late hours; work and workers are out of place there. Picture London an easy walk from Brighton, with Epping Forest on the way; add to it the subtle charm of ancient waterways and high "stooped" houses, with more easy sauntering over brine-aired, rose-grown downs, or to the picture-filled, park-encircled "Palace in the Wood," where the first Peace Con-

ference was held; reduce it so in size that every nook of it is get-at-able; strip it of vulgarity; wash it spotlessly clean; sprinkle it with picturesque costumes; invest it with an atmosphere of diplomatic bustle; take away its statues and its hoardings,—and you have a yet imperfect Hague.

The little village of Scheveningen (the Scheveling of old days) has become so essentially a part of The Hague that even this short article would not be complete without some mention of it. It is a type of Dutch conservatism in the midst of change. Giant hotels, iron piers, shop-galleries and concert-halls spring up like mushrooms round it; brass bands vie with the voice of the tides, and its shores are crowded with gaily dressed throngs. German waiters serve French dinners in its restaurants; but the Scheveningen fisherman wears much the same clothing as in the days of the great Silent William, and pushes out to sea in much the same walnut-shaped "pink," whilst his many petticoated, rosy-kerchiefed, white-capped sweetheart sits calmly on the modern iron seat of the modern stone boulevard—elbowing, maybe, a prince on one side and an ambassador on the other—as she gazes out to sea at the vanishing brown sail. Artists come from far and near to paint these fisherfolk; the great Josef Israëls has told their whole hard life-tale in his pictures.

It is to this strange, worldly neighbor of a primitive fisher-village that all The Hague comes to watch the sunset, or the moon "trail her silver way across the waters." The road thither is broad and beautiful and shaded; one sees fine horses, bright liveries, and smart motors all the way; and patiently amongst them trots the Scheveningen fisherwoman with her heavy basket of "live fish" on her back and her blue petticoats swinging jaunt-

lily from her padded hips—an object-lesson not to be forgotten.

Let us hope that the Conference delegates will bear away true peaceful pictures of this lovely spot. All nature has united there in preaching the beauty of sea and wood and shore. And this meeting of the nations at the brink of the ocean should have some-

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thing humbling in it for us all. The unconquerable waves will be behind them, the world-old continent at their feet. Nothing they can say, nothing they can do, will calm the waters or beat back the waxing tide of knowledge. Peace will herself arise in the fulness of time and hammer the cannon into ploughshares.

Annie Luden.

THE OLD AND THE NEW IN JAPAN.

BY THE EARL OF RONALDSHAY.

The old and the new in Japan jostle one another crudely and incongruously in every corner of the country. Religion, the great conservative force in every land, swears undying allegiance to old Japan, and in many a tomb and stately monument rears imperishable altars to a majestic past; while modern industrial enterprise, at all times and in all places superbly indifferent to sentiment, erects hideous if necessary chimneys in painful proximity to temple and tomb. The ninety-nine visitors out of every hundred who travel to Japan to enjoy new scenes and to admire the ingenuity of Japanese art are consequently brought face to face from time to time with material manifestations of the temper of new Japan; and, conversely, the traveller who may be bent upon unravelling political skeins or fishing in commercial and industrial waters cannot fall every now and then to fall under the spell of her past.

So it happened that, with thoughts fixed unromantically upon mundane matters, I chanced upon the great Buddha of Kamakura. Who does not know of the Buddha of Kamakura? Here indeed is a glimpse of the East that is dreamed about. All thoughts of factories, mills and workshops, the toys and vanities of men, vanish like chaff before the wind, and some

things in the complex character of a people which before appeared inexplicable become, to some extent at any rate, intelligible. As Kipling sang—

And whoso will, from pride released,
Contemning neither creed nor priest,
May feel the soul of all the East
About him at Kamakura.

You pass through an ornamental gateway and on along an avenue of stately trees, then suddenly halt involuntarily as the first view of the great image bursts upon your gaze, and you realize instinctively that there stands before you in all its beauty of form and symmetry of outline the very apotheosis of the artistic genius of Japan. The great bronze image stands in the open, in grounds of exquisite charm—a charm which it is impossible to ignore. Twice I came when the blossom was on the cherry-tree and the camellia was in flower, when the fresh green feathery leaf of the maple showed bright against the sombre-hued outline of cypress and fir. Men and women in bright kimonos passed up the steps, halting at the top to bow and breathe a hurried prayer, and all around elf-like children made quaint and incomprehensible progression upon high and hopelessly inconvenient-looking clogs of wood. And because of the beauty of the scene, or for some

other reason, perhaps, which did not admit of analysis, I came again, not once nor twice but many times, when clouds scudded angrily across a lowering sky, and again when the heat of a summer midday filled the wooded glens and hollows with billows of soft blue haze, and each time the beauty of the scene appeared to me to grow. Yet amid all the charm of changing scene the idea that rushes irresistibly uppermost in the mind is that of absolute immutability. In the infinite peace which seems to find materialization in the expression of divine calm on the face of the Buddha is a mute and inexorable challenge to change and time. The setting varies with the season, but the great image remains the same, untouched by the passing of time, heedless of summer and winter, spring-time and autumn, unconscious of the men that come and the generations that are gone, wholly absorbed in sublime meditation and that perfect peace which only comes with the final annihilation of passion and desire. All else falls into insignificance before that expression of unearthly calm—of complete and immense repose.

Perhaps nothing bears stronger testimony to the prosaic, phlegmatic character of the sturdy adventurers of the seventeenth century than their callous indifference to the charm and beauty of what they regarded, doubtless, merely as a heathenish idol. "The Image," wrote Captain John Saris in his diary of 12th September 1613, "is much revered by travellers as they passe there,"—a form of weakness, however, which, he was careful to show, was little affected either by himself or his followers, for he adds, "Some of our people went into the body of it and hooped and holloaed, which made an exceeding great noyse. We found many characters and marks made upon it by passengers, whom

some of my followers imitated, and made theirs in like manner." The ravages perpetrated by the travelling vandals of the present day have indeed called forth a pathetic appeal from the Prior of the Order charged with the custody of the image, which greets one at the entrance to the grounds: "Stranger, whosoever thou art, and whatsoever be thy creed, when thou interest this sanctuary remember thou treadest upon ground hallowed by the worship of ages. This is the temple of Buddha and the gate of the eternal, and should therefore be entered with reverence."

But the great Buddha was to submit to a crowning insult. A fierce and hungry collector came along, a man of a world where nothing is revered except gold, and he proposed—at a price—to transfer the great image from its temple grounds to a private museum of his own. Verily, it is satisfactory to reflect upon the fact that St. Paul's Cathedral still stands east of the Atlantic!

A few minutes' journey by train whisks one from this place of hallowed calm to a scene of bustling activity in the naval dockyards of Yokosuka. Nowhere, perhaps, is the effect of the recent war upon Japan more patent than in her great naval yards; nowhere does the strength and magnitude of her ambitions find more cogent demonstration. The possessors of an island empire, the statesmen of Japan have not been slow to recognize the value of a strong navy and a powerful and numerous mercantile marine. Under a system of shipbuilding and ship-running bounties, her merchant shipping has made huge strides; and the advocates of State aid, in return under certain circumstances for State control, may point confidently to the successful transportation of troops in time of war in justification of their policy. During the late

war a single company, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, were able to place at the disposal of the Government 250,000 tons of shipping, with which they successfully carried to and from the seat of war upwards of a million and a quarter men, 124,000 horses, and close upon two million tons of stores. Under the same paternal encouragement, the displacement of the steamers of her mercantile marine aggregated by April last 951,000 tons—an increase in less than three years of 335 ships, with a displacement of 203,783 tons.

But striking as are these figures, and loud as is the tale of the destructive competition of Japanese bottoms in Chinese waters, the tale of the great naval arsenals and dockyards is even more significant. A visit to Kuré is indeed little less than a revelation. Armed with an official permit which read, "Kuré arsenal and dockyards, except the armor works," I approached the main entrance in the wall surrounding the entire works, and gained immediate admittance from the sentinel on guard. The first glance tells you that you are in the presence of a spirit of imperious energy and indomitable will. The man of "blood and iron" would have smiled approval here. You are brought abruptly face to face with one of the startling contrasts of the East. Outside the wall fragile houses, old-world courtesy, laughing children, sleepy temples, leisurely priests, and smiling women—all the recognized ingredients of quaint, fantastic, orthodox Japan. Inside the clash and clang of iron upon steel, the roar of machinery and the hiss of steam, all the bewildering equipment for the forging of engines designed for the destruction of human life, vast piles of ugly scaffolding, toiling masses, and a ten hours' day! Eleven years ago the naval yards at Kuré came into existence, the offspring of

the war with China; to-day they provide employment for 30,000 men, and are capable of building battleships the equals of any now afloat. They are complete and self-sufficing in every detail. They turn out everything connected with the construction of battleships, from a rivet to a 12-inch gun.

Prior to the late war, nothing bigger than a third-class cruiser of 3000 or 4000 tons had been attempted; but the war gave great impetus to Japanese naval construction, and in January 1905 the keel of the first large cruiser, the *Tsukuba*, was laid down. To-day I saw her all but completed in her dock at Kuré, a powerful first-class cruiser of 13,750 tons. A little way off lay her sister ship, the *Ikoma*, though not quite so far advanced. But Japanese ambition has not stopped here. Two vast battleships, the *Satsuma* and the *Aki*, are now under construction at Yokosuka and Kuré respectively. Not even the *Dreadnought*, the latest pet of the British navy, will boast superiority to these monster engines of war. With a displacement of 19,000 tons, a speed of 19 knots, and an offensive armament of four 12-inch and twelve 10-inch guns, they will meet with but few equals upon the sea. And while poor, impoverished, heavily burdened Japan is adding ships to her navy and regiments to her army, the plausible pundits who mismanage the affairs of rich, luxurious, affluent England preach pious platitudes from the Treasury front bench on the beauty of perpetual and universal peace, and, childishly happy in their belief in the immediate advent of the millennium, hasten to cut down the armaments requisite for imperial defence.¹

¹ The enormous increase of the Japanese fleet during the past two years has, perhaps, not been generally appreciated in England. The following is a list of the larger vessels

Not far from the newly constructed Japanese ships lay an erstwhile Russian battleship, the *Orel*, now the *Incami*, no longer the grimy battered wreck that had escaped annihilation only by surrender, and had been escorted by Japanese cruisers from the fiery hell of Tsushima to Maizuru but a trim and useful addition to the navy of Japan. The last act played by the *Orel* in the passionate drama of the Sea of Japan has been painted in lurid colors by eye-witnesses of the scene—a scene which portrays in all its ghastly horror the hideous reality of modern war. A third of the crew lay dead or wounded, the cries of the mutilated and the dying rose shrill above the storm of shot and shell, until human nerves broke down beneath the terrible ordeal, and panic and demoralization reigned supreme. Down into this frenzy of human suffering and despair came the callous order from the conning-tower, "Dispose of the wounded." The order was ruthlessly obeyed. "The work was carried out principally by petty officers, and no mercy was shown. Men were picked up and cast into the sea like so much useless ballast. . . . The scenes that preceded the capture of the battleship were indescribable, the sea being dotted with wounded men struggling to keep afloat."²

Away in the country is the Japan of your imagination once more. The roar of new Japan is far—infinity far—away. Emerald hills and bubbling streams, distant outlines melting away imperceptibly in soft blue haze; sturdy

peasant women knee-deep in mud and water, working desperately to get the rice-fields planted in time to be coaxed to maturity by the burning summer sun; tiny temples and altars to Nature's gods,—all are here just as they appear in the fascinating and sympathetic writings of Lafcadio Hearn. The sojourner in the East scents a familiar atmosphere, and adapts himself instinctively to his environments. He shakes off the restraining thongs imposed by a conventional civilization with something of relief, and travels once more after the manner of the immemorial East, with his staff in his hand and his loins girded.

Shod with the straw sandals of the country—purchased at the rate of two pairs a penny—I started one summer's morning on a trip into old Japan. We pegged along, my Japanese henchman and I,—a worthy of the old school, with a name signifying in the English tongue "Little Mountain,"—and towards evening halted at a straggling village and put up in accordance with custom at the village inn. We had followed the course of a bawling river whose banks were lined with precipitous mountains clad warmly with dense forest and piled in tangled masses in all directions. At intervals along the road stood the inevitable *chaya* or tea-house, perched on some overhanging rock, seductively calling to the wayfarer to rest a while in the shade of its hospitable roof. In common with other frequenters of the road we accepted the welcome invitation, drank immoderately of the pale,

actually under construction in Japanese yards at the present time:—

		Tons,
The <i>Aki</i> . . .	first-class battleships . . .	19,000
The <i>Satsuma</i> . . .	battleships . . .	14,600
The <i>Kurama</i> . . .	first-class armored . . .	13,750
The <i>Tsukuba</i> . . .	armored . . .	13,750
The <i>Izumi</i> . . .	cruisers . . .	13,000
The <i>Ibuki</i> . . .	cruisers . . .	13,000
The <i>Mogami</i> . . .	small cruisers . . .	2,500
The <i>Yodo</i> . . .	cruisers . . .	2,500
The <i>Tone</i> . . .	cruisers . . .	2,500

In addition to the above, the *Kashima* (16,430

tons) and the *Katori* (15,980 tons) arrived recently from England, and the following captured Russian ships will shortly be ready for sea: 6 battleships, 4 cruisers, 2 coast-defence ships, 3 destroyers, and 2 gunboats. The aggregate increase in tonnage represented by the above vessels is 226,483.

² From a description of the naval battle of the Sea of Japan, published by the Eisho Shuppan Sha.

astringent tea of the country,—for the summer sun beat pitilessly down on the valley bottoms,—and then tramped on again until the next *chaya* hove into view to mark another stage in the day's journey. Thus for many days.

The inn of Japan, unlike the *serai* of Western or Central Asia, is superficially clean, and supplies all the necessities and, in a modified form, some of the luxuries of life. Quilts, which the lodger spreads on the straw-matted floor, are provided for him to sleep on; food—edible if unsatisfying—is served him in tiny bowls, with chopsticks supplied; and a boiling-hot bath, common to all and sundry, welcomes him at the end of his day's march. The contrasts between the Far and Near East are, indeed, in many respects strongly marked. Here is a land that is kissed, not scourged, by the sun. Abundant water and a humid atmosphere have clothed the country in a mantle of tropical luxuriance and created in the Eastern seas a world of fragrant flowers and riotous vegetation, the very antithesis of the parched and sun-scorched deserts of Western Asia. In Japan the gentle and kindly nature of the people testifies to the peaceful influence of Buddhism; in Turkey, Persia, or Arabia the stern and haughty demeanor of the inhabitants bears witness to the fierce fanaticism inspired by the militant creed of Mohammed. The humble worshipper at the shrine of his ancestors, the æsthetic acolyte chanting with monotonous iteration the meaningless *Namu Amida Butsu* of the Buddhist litany, have little in common with the perfervid apostle of Islam: the intricate and ingenious architecture of the one contrasts markedly with the grand and simple conceptions of the other.

Yet, despite such dissimilarity of creed and setting, there is among the peoples of Asia, from Samarkand to Colombo and from Tokio to Stambul, a

certain affinity of thought, certain kindred characteristics, observing which the stranger from across the seas may say, "This is the East." The unabashed indecency of the bazaars of Western and Central Asia finds its counterpart in the frank disregard for convention displayed in the country districts of Japan, where life and social intercourse proceed innocently, if immodestly according to Western canons, upon the assumption that, though the serpent tempted, the woman did *not* eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge in the Garden of Eden. The woman gives suck to her child in the street, the village maid takes her bath in company with the village hodge, and these things present no cause for offence, because in the eyes of the people there is no offence in them. Again, if the traveller in Persia or Turkestan is brought into perpetual contact with an unyielding and irritating resistance to hurry, the wanderer in Far Eastern lands becomes early conscious of the fact that he is moving in a world where thought and action are characterized chiefly by a profound and imperturbable deliberation. Finally, East and West Asia alike vie with one another in proclaiming the existence of that strange and mysterious law by which it appears to have been decreed that among the peoples of the West alone shall the sanctity of truth meet with respect or recognition.

Of this homogeneousness of atmosphere I have invariably been conscious when travelling in Eastern lands; and it was, perhaps, because a tolerably extended acquaintance with the men and manners of many Asian countries had taught me to accept it without question or reserve that certain symptoms of innovation struck forcibly upon my imagination as I travelled through the country districts of Japan. Schools presented a conspicuous feature in every corner of the country—not the schools

dear to the bigoted literati of China or the intolerant mullahs of Islam, but modern, up-to-date, twentieth-century schools, where the knowledge and learning of the West is fast being imparted to the children of the East. I remember one day meeting a number of small boys returning from a village school in a district far removed from the influence of railways and big cities. On my approaching them they drew up to attention with military precision and bowed ceremoniously to me as I passed. I was somewhat puzzled to find a reason for this spontaneous display, and subsequently learned that the cause was to be found in the cut of my clothes. I was dressed after the manner of the West, and was therefore an object of respect. You ask why? Because the Japanese are the most sensitive people in the world; because the day has already dawned when much that is artistic and characteristic of real Japan must be sacrificed at the altar of progress; because Europeanization is the fetish of the day; and because European clothes are the hallmark of polish and modernity in the gentlemen of new Japan.

Nor is it only the boys who attend the schools in this year of grace 1907; for the schoolgirl in magenta *hakama*, with satchel and books in hand, walking blithely to the nearest academy, is the rule rather than the exception of to-day—and a vastly significant one in an Eastern country. And if we turn to statistics regarding education, we find that they more than confirm the deductions of casual observation. Thus in 1899, 85.06 per cent of the boys and 59.04 per cent of the girls of school age were attending school—figures which had increased five years later to 96.59 and 89.88 respectively. During the school year 1903-4 (the latest for which I have figures) £4,500,000 were spent on public education; and 5,976,124, or 93.23 per cent of the children, boys and

girls combined, of school age were recorded as receiving elementary instruction.

There is another—a powerful, perhaps a sinister—influence eating slowly but surely into the old communal life of the people, the influence of modern industrial requirement. Already thousands of women and children are toiling wearily in factory and workshop, attending mechanically to the great steam-driven spindles and looms which are slowly but inexorably crushing the life out of the old family hand-machines on which were made the exquisite fabrics embodying the artistic soul of Japan. Unguarded and uncared for by a kindly legislation, their lot can scarcely be considered an enviable one. No factory acts grace the pages of the statute books of Japan. "We have our duty plain before us," say the manufacturers, "to establish our commodities firmly upon the world's markets. Let us get our hold of them before we are tied and handicapped by Government interference." Such was the fervent prayer which I heard breathed by more than one manufacturer—a prayer which would appear to have every chance of being granted, since only so lately as August last the Japanese Government refused an invitation to send delegates to an international conference at Berne, held with a view to prohibiting night work by women, on the ground that the state of the industries of the country did not admit of such interference!

True, the women and children may smile over their work as the casual visitor passes to and fro among the whirling creels or the crashing looms; but then the Japanese smile is an enigmatical thing, and, as has been written, "the Japanese can smile in the teeth of death, and usually does." One must know something of the possibilities of the Japanese smile if one is to appraise

it at its true value. "At first it only charms, and it is only at a later day when one has observed the same smile under extraordinary circumstances—in moments of pain, shame, disappointment—that one becomes suspicious of it."³ Some day the workers of Japan will rise, and will demand for themselves the same rights and privileges already conceded to their fellow-workers in the West—but the day is not yet. Before that time comes Japan will have dispelled once for all the illusion that she is a trifle in toy lanterns and paper fans, and will have vindicated her claim to be regarded as one of the manufacturing nations of the world.

In the above brief pages I have endeavored to put on paper some of the impressions which I have formed during four months of persistent travel and inquiry in the Mikado's empire. No one could emerge from such an experience without being deeply impressed with a sense of the growing ambitions of the people, or of the inflexible determination of those in high places to do everything in their power to assist them in bringing such ambitions to fruition. Forced in the teeth of their own determined and strenuous opposition to open their doors to the world and to enter into the comity of Western nations, they came to a momentous decision, and having decided, picked up the gauntlet which had been thrown down with a rapidity that astonished the world, and plunged headlong, and with an altogether unlooked-for success, into the arena of international rivalry and competition. That they regard their victories in battle merely as a means to an end, and not as an end in themselves, must be evident to any one who has had the opportunity of making even a superficial study of the people. Nothing is more galling to the vanity of the edu-

cated Japanese than to find themselves the object of erroneous beliefs upon this point. "On what grounds," asked Baron Shibusawa bitterly, "did I meet with so warm a reception at the hands of the prominent men of the world?" And he himself supplies the unpalatable reply: "The President of the United States praised Japan because of her military prowess and fine arts. Are not Germany, France, and England praising Japan up to the skies on the same ground? If the warm reception I received abroad is based on the feeling that I came from a country known for its military exploits, I must confess that that reception is a death-blow to our hopes."⁴

The end, indeed, which the Japanese keep steadfastly in view is a far higher one than mere proficiency in arms, and does not stop short of political, diplomatic, commercial, industrial, and colonial equality with the first Powers of the Western world. That they have learned all that the West can teach them in the conduct of modern war few will be found to deny, but that they are capable of rising to the same heights in the war of commerce has yet to be revealed. It may well be doubted whether, as a race, they have the same aptitude for bearing aloft the flag of trade as they have for wielding the sword of war. Just as in China the military profession was despised and looked down upon by the people,—with what dire results the battlefields of 1894 soon showed,—so in feudal Japan the merchant classes were rated among the lowest in the community. It is true that many of the best men in Japan are now entering or have already entered the commercial lists; but it is equally true that the country is sending forth vast numbers of small traders who reflect only too clearly the status of their kind in pre-restoration days, and whose procedure in neutral

³ Lafcadio Hearn.

⁴ "Japan by the Japanese."

markets is fast pinning to their country's traders the title of the pedlars of the East.

Pedlary in itself may be an honorable trade, but pedlary fraught with petty fraud, and supported by devices which debauch the commercial morality of the West, brings little but obloquy upon the country's fair name and fame, and provides an only too eagerly grasped-at cause for the enemy to blaspheme. "The barrier of a low morality," to make use of the words of Baron Shibusawa once more, "is by far stronger than that of bad laws"; and I hold that he is the better friend of Japan who makes full and candid confession of such shortcomings as are thrust within the radius of his view,

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than the plausible advocate who, by ignoring or denying all faults, encourages the nefarious in their ways, and disseminates false impressions which the cold and impartial evidence of fact is unable to sustain. When those who are responsible for the course and direction of Japanese progress succeed in inculcating in all classes of the community a due sense of the immense value of an unimpeachable honesty in every branch of commercial intercourse, they will have succeeded in removing a serious stumbling-stone from the path which the nation is striving to pursue, and will have placed their country immeasurably nearer the attainment of the goal which they keep steadfastly in view.

THE BISHOPS IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The phrase *lawn sleeves* has by long familiar usage become identified with the Bishops in the House of Lords. The apparel of the Lords Spiritual consists of two separate habits. The first is the rochet, a long, loose garment of fine white lawn, over which is a black silk robe, also full length, but without arms, which accentuates not only the whiteness but the balloon shape of the lawn sleeves of the under garment. Besides wearing these distinctive robes, the Bishops are separated in seats also from the rest of the assembly; they sit together on reserved benches immediately to the right of the Woolsack.

There are twenty-six Lords Spiritual in Parliament,—the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, and twenty-four Bishops. That has been their number ever since the time of Henry the Eighth. Yet all the Bishops of the Established Church were in the House of Lords until so

recently as the middle of the nineteenth century. More than three centuries had elapsed before the movements of population and the growth of large towns were deemed to have rendered necessary a rearrangement involving the carving out of another diocese. In 1836 Ripon, which had been united with York, was reinstated as a separate see; but the original number of the Episcopate was maintained by amalgamating Bristol with Gloucester; it was not until 1847 that the first new bishopric, that of Manchester, was formed. In the Act of Parliament for the creation of the additional diocese there was a proviso that the number of Lords Spiritual should not thereby be increased. Since then the new bishoprics of St. Albans, Truro, Liverpool, Newcastle, Southwell, Wakefield, Southwark, and Birmingham have been constituted, and the diocese of Gloucester and Bristol were in 1897 again made independent sees; and in

each and every case there was the same express provision against any accession to the number of Bishops in the House of Lords.

Only in regard to five of the existing sees is there issued to the Prelates, immediately on appointment, a writ of summons to sit and vote in the House of Lords. The two Archbishops, and the Bishops of London, Durham, and Winchester sit by right of their office; of the remaining Prelates twenty-one sit in priority of consecration. Thus, if a vacancy is caused on the Bishops' Bench by the avoidance, by death or resignation, of any see, save Canterbury, York, London, Durham, and Winchester, the writ of summons is sent, not to the new prelate, but to the senior Bishop on the list of those awaiting their turn for admission to the House of Lords. The new Bishop must take his place at the bottom of the rota of the members of the Episcopacy who are without seats in Parliament, so that he may have to wait many years before he has the right to appear in lawn sleeves on the Bishops' Bench. One Prelate is excluded from this arrangement, the Bishop of Sodor and Man, because he is a member of the Manx Legislature. The Bishops act as chaplains to the House of Lords. For a fortnight one of them in turn reads prayers at the opening of the proceedings of the House, whether it sits as a branch of the Legislature or as the Supreme Court of Appeal.

There is a verbal difference, curious but doubtless significant, between the forms of the writ of summons issued separately to the Lords Spiritual and the Lords Temporal by the Crown. Each is informed in the same terms that the King has summoned Parliament to meet "for certain arduous and urgent affairs concerning Us, the state and defence of our said United Kingdom and the Church"; and the writ goes on to say, "We strictly enjoining

command you upon the faith and allegiance by which you are bound to Us"; such are the words in which Temporal Peers are addressed; but in regard to the Bishops the phrase is "upon the faith and love by which you are bound to Us . . . that the weightiness of the said affairs and imminent perils (waiving all excuses) you be at the said day and place personally present with Us, and with the said Prelates, Great Men and Peers, to treat and give your counsel upon the affairs aforesaid."

A new Lord Spiritual is not introduced into the House of Lords with the elaborate ceremonial that attends the introduction of a new Temporal Peer. He walks in between two other Bishops, and going up to the Woolsack drops on his right knee and presents his writ of summons to the Lord Chancellor. Then his sponsors, without further formality, conduct him to his place on the Bishops' Bench.

One remarkable privilege enjoyed by all peers is not accorded to the Bishops. If a Peer were charged with felony, the court for his trial would be the House of Lords. But if an Archbishop or Bishop were indicted for felony he would be tried in the Criminal Courts before a judge and jury like any Commoner. But though not entitled to a trial by Peers, the Lords Spiritual have the right to take part in the trial of a Peer before the House of Lords. If, however, the Peer is being tried for his life, the Bishops are restrained by their ecclesiastical obligations from the full exercise of their judicial functions. In a capital case they are present at the trial, but it being a "case of blood" they are prohibited from taking part in the verdict, and accordingly ask leave to retire, making at the same time a reservation to themselves and their successors of all such rights in judicature as they possess by law. This denial to the Bishops of the privilege of trial

by the House of Lords is due to the fact that, as one of the Lords' standing orders declares, not being ennobled in blood they are Lords of Parliament only, and not Peers.

By what right, then, do the Bishops sit in the House of Lords? Do they sit by virtue of their temporalities, or secular possessions in their sees, or by reason of their ecclesiastical office? The Lords Spiritual are, indeed, the oldest of the three Estates of the Realm. In the beginning of Parliament, the House of Lords was mainly an ecclesiastical body, the prelates, abbots, and priors far outnumbering the barons, who formed the oldest order of the nobility. Prior to the Reformation there were two archbishops, twenty-four bishops, twenty-six mitred abbots, and two priors in the House of Lords; its ecclesiastical character is also illustrated by the fact that the office of the Lord Chancellor, or Lord Keeper, from Thomas a'Becket to Sir Thomas More, a period of nearly four hundred and fifty years, was almost invariably filled by prelates. The change in the numerical proportions between the Lords Spiritual and Temporal came at the Reformation when the abbots and priors disappeared with the suppression of the monasteries, and the number of Spiritual Peers was reduced to the two archbishops and twenty-four bishops.

Before the Norman Conquest it would seem that the Bishops sat in the great Council of the Nation as Temporal Peers in right of baronies belonging to their sees, in return for which they were required, like the barons, to give service to the Sovereign, not only at Court, but on the field of battle. But though constitutional writers differ as to the exact tenure of the Prelates in the ancient Assemblies of the Nation, it is now agreed that since the Reformation, at least, their title to their seats in the House of Lords has

been ecclesiastical, and derived from their offices in the Established Church. The provisions affecting the Church of Ireland in the Act of Union, 1800, and the Disestablishment Act, 1869, make this clear. It was provided by the Act of Union that one of the four Irish Archbishops and three of the eighteen Bishops should have seats in the House of Lords of the Imperial Parliament. Every session one Archbishop and three Bishops changed by rotation. In other words, each Archbishop sat for one in every four sessions, and each Bishop sat for one in every six sessions. This representation of the Irish episcopal body in the House of Lords was abolished on the disestablishment of the Church of Ireland. It was provided in the Act of 1869, which came into operation on January 1st, 1871, that no Archbishop or Bishop of the Church of Ireland should in that capacity be summoned or qualified to sit in the House of Lords.

Since Parliament, as we now understand it, was established, the Lords Spiritual have been associated as a separate body with the Lords Temporal and the Commons in advising the Crown as to the laws of the land. All Acts of Parliament open as follows: "Be it enacted by the King's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal Commons, and by the authority of the same." Yet it is contended by some constitutional authorities that the consent of the Lords Spiritual, as distinguished from the other Peers, is not in itself necessary to give validity to an Act of Parliament. Certainly one famous statute was carried without their concurrence. This was the Act passed in 1642, on the eve of the outbreak of the Civil War, excluding the Bishops from the Legislature. In the preamble it declared that it was enacted by the authority of the King, the Lords, and the

Commons, and provided that no Archbishop or Bishop should have "any seat or place, suffrage or voice in the Parliament of this Realm," on the ground that it was prejudicial both to the State and to religion. Hume says the measure would not have passed the Lords but for the flight or terror or despondency of the King's party. Overawed by the threats of the populace, only three of the Bishops presented themselves in the House of Lords and voted against the Bill. The Spiritual Peers were excluded from Parliament for twenty years, or until the Restoration. Charles the Second was called to the throne by what is called the Convention Parliament in 1660. That was immediately dissolved and a new Parliament met in 1661, still without the Bishops; but it repealed the Act of 1642, and thus the Lords Spiritual again formed part of the House of Lords.

So many as six attempts have been made in the House of Commons since the Reform Act of 1832 to get rid of the Bishops as legislators; and they have not only all failed, though five of them were made in Liberal Parliaments, but were also opposed by the Liberal leaders.

On March 13th, 1834, Mr. Rippon, a Radical who sat for Gateshead, asked for leave to bring in a Bill "for relieving the Archbishops and Bishops of the Established Church from their legislative and judicial duties in the House of Peers." One sentence from his speech is sufficient to illustrate the artless arguments with which he supported his motion. "You bring the prelates," said he, "bedizened with the splendor of title, to mix in the amusements of a metropolis, to mingle in the plots and jobs of Government intrigue; you tempt them to gratify pride, avarice, luxury, and indolence; you shower wealth and splendor upon them; you forget they are but men." The Whig

Government which had carried the Reform Bill was still in power. Lord Althorp was leader of the House of Commons, and by him the motion was summarily dismissed in two sentences. He merely said that in deference to the strong feeling which he knew to exist in the House against the motion he should refrain from discussing it on its merits. The House immediately divided, and leave to bring in the Bill was refused by 125 votes to 58, or a majority of 67.

Two years later Mr. Rippon returned to the subject. On April 26th, 1836, he invited the House of Commons to declare "that the attendance of the Bishops in Parliament is prejudicial to the cause of religion." Again there was an exceedingly brief debate. Lord John Russell, who now led the House, followed the example of his predecessor in declining to discuss the question. This time there was a majority of 127 against the motion, the ayes being 53, and the noes 180.

In the following year, February 16th, 1837, a similar motion was moved, supported by the same argument, that the attendance of the Bishops in Parliament was incompatible with the discharge of their pastoral duties. "That it is the opinion of this House," the motion ran, "that the sitting of the Bishops in Parliament is unfavorable in its operation to the general interests of the Christian religion in this country, and tends to alienate the affections of the people from the Established Church." This time there was a longer and more serious debate on the subject. The Whigs were still in office. Lord John Russell opposed the motion on behalf of the Government. "The Established Church is a distinct part of the Constitution of this country," said he. "The Bishops, by holding seats in Parliament, are the acknowledged representatives of that part of our Constitution." If the Bishops were ex-

cluded from the House of Lords, he further urged, the doors of the House of Commons could no longer be shut to clergymen of the Church of England." "It appears to me," he proceeded, "that the Bishops are that portion of the clergy which can best execute the political duties of the Church, and that with the least disturbance or interruption of their spiritual functions, many of their duties being of such a nature that they can be attended to by the Bishops when absent from their dioceses, whilst the inconvenience attendant upon clergymen leaving the flocks of their respective parishes would be very great." The leader of the Opposition was Sir Robert Peel, and he heartily supported the Government in retaining, as he said, to the Church its fair share of political influence. The result of the division was the rejection of the motion by a majority of 105, or 197 votes to 92.

The question was not raised again until June 21st, 1870, when leave was asked to bring in a Bill to relieve the Bishops who might thereafter be consecrated from attendance in Parliament. The Bishops who then had seats in the House of Peers were to be the last of the Lords Spiritual. It was calculated that in a quarter of a century the Episcopal Bench would have become a thing of the past. The Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, opposed the motion in a powerful speech. He took the line that the Bishops contributed "a popular element" to the House of Lords. "It is an element," said he, "which at any rate comes from the deep and broad strata of the community, and which contributes vigor to the Assembly, as anything contributes vigor which tends to keep it occasionally in contact with its mother earth." The motion was rejected by a majority of 156, the voting being 102 for and 258 against.

The next occasion on which the ques-

tion was raised in the House of Commons was on March 2st, 1884. This time a motion was moved declaring that the presence of the Bishops in the House of Peers was a great hindrance to the discharge of their spiritual functions, and prejudicial to the Commonwealth. The Liberals were again in office, with Mr. Gladstone at their head. The motion was opposed by the Government, and in the absence of the Prime Minister their chief spokesman was Sir William Harcourt. He followed the line of argument advanced by Mr. Gladstone in 1870, that the Bishops constituted the one representative element in the House of Lords. "They are most of them men of humble origin," said he; "they have risen by labor, by talent, by devotion to work. They are professional men in a very honorable profession who have won their way to the House of Lords as the great lawyers, the great generals, the great admirals, as a few men—I wish there were more—of commerce, have won their way there, and as I should hope to see men of other departments and walks in life win their way there also. And those who are not prepared to abolish the House of Lords altogether, those who wish to see it made more various in its character, more liberal and enlightened in its views, I think should rather welcome than repulse a class of this kind from among them." The motion was lost this time by 11 votes only, the ayes being 137 and the noes 148.

Once only was the question raised in a Parliament that was neither Whig nor Radical. In February, 1899, Mr. Herbert Lewis, a member of the present Government, moved as an amendment to the Address in reply to the Queen's Speech: "That the legislative power of Bishops in the House of Peers in Parliament is a great hindrance to the discharge of their spiritual functions, prejudicial to the Common-

wealth, and fit to be taken away by Bill." These are the terms of the resolution which, supported by Pym, Hampden, Selden, Vane, Cromwell and also by Falkland and Hyde was passed in 1641 by the House of Commons of the Long Parliament, and upon which the Exclusion Bill carried in the year following was based. An amendment to the motion of 1899 was moved by Lord Hugh Cecil, declaring that the legislative power of the Bishops in the House of Lords ought to be maintained; "But that it is desirable that other life Peers should be added to the House, especially those who would represent the greater religious denominations other than the Church of England." In the opinion of the noble lord it was most essential to preserve the direct representation of religion in the Legislature, and the presence of the Bishops in the House of Lords should be regarded as a germ of a scheme of reform for strengthening the House by introducing, as a beginning, representatives of the more important religious sects of the country. In this he but followed in the footsteps of Mr. Gladstone, who once declared in favor of the promotion to the House of Lords of the heads of the Roman Catholic, Wesleyan, Presbyterian, and Methodist communities. The motion was opposed by Sir Richard Webster, Attorney-General, on behalf of the Government. At the end of the debate Mr. Balfour, the leader of the House, in a few words suggested that the amendment should be withdrawn. "For my part," said he, "I should be glad to see many Nonconformist representatives promoted to the other House; but, after all, the amendment is a side issue, and I think we should have a plain division on a plain issue." The amendment proposed by Lord Hugh Cecil was negatived; and, the House dividing, the motion was lost by 200 votes to 129, or by a majority of 71. In the minority were

found most of the Ministers in the present Cabinet who were then members of the House of Commons, headed by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the leader of the Opposition.

During the debate in the Commons on the Lords' amendments to the Education Bill last session it was assumed by many of the supporters of the Government that the hostility to the measure in the other House was entirely inspired by the Bishops. It was said in effect, if not in actual words, that the Prelates had led the Peers by the nose. The Bishops by no means exercised that commanding influence in the debates on the Education Bill which this assumption implies. Nor does their position in the House of Lords make them proud and uplifted. Not a trace of arrogance is ever to be found in the demeanor of the white and black robed group on the Episcopal Bench; indeed, humility is much more conspicuous. From my own observation of the House of Lords I should say that the Bishops are timid rather than self-assertive in declaring their opinions, and moreover, that their views are received with stiff courtesy rather than with eager acquiescence by that supercilious and cold assembly. Indeed, it is curious to note how frequently in the biographies of Bishops who have been Lords of Parliament are to be found complaints of the limited extent of the influence of the Bishops' Bench in the House of Lords. "I am thoroughly sick of episcopal life in Parliament, where we are hated by the Peers as a set of *parvenus* whom they would gladly rid themselves of if they dared, and only allowed on sufferance to speak now and then on Church questions after a timid and respectful sort." These are the words of Dr. Magee, late Archbishop of York, written in 1878, and the testimony they bear to the general reserve of the Lords Temporal towards the Lords Spiritual

has been corroborated by other prelates.

Bishop Wilberforce was one of the most renowned and conspicuous prelates that ever sat on the Episcopal Bench. For some time, however, the oppression of his ecclesiastical robes, as well as the coldness and indifference of the Temporal Peers, reduced him to the bondage of silence. Shortly after taking his seat as Bishop of Oxford in 1846, he expressed his fear to a friend that, despite his deep interest in public affairs, he should never be able to take part in debate: "The impediment of lawn sleeves," he said, "must be very great and entangling." Their distinctive robes and their seats apart seem to give the Bishops the feeling that they are intruders. The last appearance of Archbishop Tait in the House of Lords was bitterly disappointing to the aged prelate himself. It was on July 9th, 1882, when he spoke on the Duke of Argyll's Oaths Bill. "They didn't listen to me; it is the first time for twenty years; my work is done." Those were the words he addressed in the robing-room to his chaplain, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, with a pathos which Dr. Davidson says he shall never forget.

Archbishop Benson writes in his diary of the pain it was to him to note how unappreciative the Lords always were of Dr. Temple, Bishop of London, whom he regarded as the ablest man in the House. "Yet," he writes, "because his voice is a little harsh, his accent a little provincial (though of what province it is hard to say), and his figure square and his hair a little rough, and because all this sets off the idea of his independence, he is not listened to at all by those cold, kindly, worldly-wise, gallant, land-owning powers." Dr. Benson himself almost always lost his self-possession when he rose to address the House of Lords. In the biography of the Archbishop there is published an appreciation by Bishop

Baynes from which the following is quoted: "The contrast of his appearance, half apologetic and wholly diffident, in the House of Lords, and his appearance at great Church gatherings, where he took his place without hesitation or uneasiness, as the natural and Heaven-sent leader of men, was as great as well could be." His biographer and son, Mr. Arthur Benson, writes: "The imperturbable indifference, the genial consciousness of position, the amiable toleration of religion, the well-bred contempt for enthusiasm" which make up the atmosphere of the House of Lords weighed his spirits down. "He seldom spoke there," we are also told by Mr. Benson, "with any pleasure, either of anticipation, performance, or recollection."

The Bishops hold aloof from political affairs. When party issues are at stake, their bench is always empty. It is clear from their Parliamentary action for many years that they recognize they are in the House of Lords primarily to represent the interests and defend the rights of the Establishment, and they endeavor to discharge their trust conscientiously in trying, and it may be uncongenial, circumstances. But it is plain also that they do not concern themselves solely with questions affecting the Church. Students of the Parliamentary debates must know that measures tending to the moral and social well-being of the community,—to the opening of the gates of happiness in this world to the greatest possible number, so far as they can be opened by legislation—receive their earnest support. Moreover, it cannot be denied that they add variety to the composition of the House of Lords. They are a nominated or representative element in a Hereditary Chamber: they also bring to the intellectual equipment of that Chamber variety in learning and attainments; but, above all, their presence helps to raise a mundane in-

stitution some little way towards the higher spiritual plane. Through that assembly of men of the world,—cynical, perhaps, and certainly lacking in en-

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thusiasm—they infuse a breath of the spirit of religion, one of the most powerful of the forces which have shaped the progress of the world.

Michael MacDonagh.

GROBINOFF'S TOYS.

"Unnatural man!" cried Madame Grobinoﬀ. "You refuse these tickets, then? You will not go to the poor innocent's recital, and bring Pozzi?"

Old Grobinoﬀ threw his pen furiously at the high, sloping desk, from which it immediately rolled to the floor. "My Gott! How is it possible to live—to work—with a woman who is not a woman but a gramophone?" he demanded of the ceiling. "No! I tell thee! I will not have the tickets, and I will not insult my own art by going to a draughty concert-hall to hear an infant play the violin, when he should be sucking away at his feeding-bottle. Blowing himself out on Beethoven instead of on tinned milk —"

"*Pfui!*" ejaculated Madame Grobinoﬀ indignantly. She was German by birth, and in moments of emotion relapsed into her native tongue. "Out of a tin! *Armes Würmchen!*"

"—the little upstart!" went on her husband, unheeding. "I will not go, I tell thee. I will stay here in peace and finish these jewels of mine, these 'Toys.' *Ach*, I had an inspiration just now—such an inspiration! No, Pozzi will not go either; he thinks as I do about these absurd prodigies."

"If Pozzi always thinks as you do, the more reason why you should both go to the concert at this poor woman's request," persevered Madame Grobinoﬀ. "I too, I am a woman and a mother—at least I was, once; and you, unnatural man, were a father. Have you forgotten the twins?"

"The twins? I?—No, no, of course not, my little dove," responded old Grobinoﬀ, slightly abashed; then all his face puckered into whimsical lines. "My God! how they screamed, those two!"

"Yes, Alexis, they screamed. And you were angry, and God punished you by taking them away in three weeks. Three weeks!" reiterated Madame Grobinoﬀ, in the deep cooling voice which had once made her the star of the tragic stage. "Those two! Franz and Fritz—ah! what might they not have been, had they lived! Twin geniuses, born of a double genius like ours! One would have been the greatest 'cellist in the world; the other the gratest violinist——"

"That I should not have allowed," interrupted old Grobinoﬀ in nettled tones. "A son who was a violinist might perhaps have played better than his father, and then I should have hated him; or less well, and then I should have despised him. Thy mother's heart would have swelled, have burst; it would have ended in poison in my coffee. *Ha!* It is better as it is."

"Unnatural man!" exclaimed Madame Grobinoﬀ in the same impassioned contralto. "In them the world has lost a double star. *Ach!* if it had not been for those nurses!"

"Six in three weeks," broke in Grobinoﬀ, his face puckering again. "But the Alsatian—the little plump one with the black bows, she was pretty." He blinked his eyes and chuckled, becoming interested in reminiscences in

spite of himself. A slight stoniness crept over his wife's rustling silk shoulders.

"She drank," intoned Madame Grobinoﬀ tragically. "And may she burn for ever in torment whose wickedness scorched my innocent cherub's life away! Alexis,"—she rose majestically from her chair and placed an envelope on the music-desk,—“here are the tickets. No woman, and above all no mother, shall be made to suffer as I did. Remember that. Some atonement is due to me.”

Old Grobinoﬀ began a howl of expostulation, but his words fell on empty air. His wife had closed the door between them.

In the adjoining antechamber a thin woman, very shabbily dressed, got up from a bench as Madame Grobinoﬀ sailed in. She pressed one finger on its dilapidated black glove against her lips to stay their trembling, and scanned the other's face. But the tragedy actress was wreathed in smiles.

"He is delighted," protested Madame Grobinoﬀ blandly. "My husband is delighted—enchanted, Madame Benin, I assure you. Of all things young talent appeals to him." She gulped. "He will be overjoyed to come."

"If we were not so friendless in this strange town, my child and I," said poor Madame Benin, to whose strained ears the tone, if not the words, of old Grobinoﬀ's remonstrances had inevitably penetrated, "I should not have ventured to be so persevering. But your husband leads musical opinion here, I know; and it will mean everything—everything to my little son if he is present at the concert to-morrow. It is a great struggle," she ended, beginning to tremble.

"Of course, of course!" exclaimed Madame Grobinoﬀ, to whose kind eyes

the ready tears had jumped. She leaned impulsively forward, and bestowed two warm, smacking kisses on the other's lean cheeks. "I will tell you," she continued, dropping all pretence. "My husband is a little bilious to-day. He protests that his coffee was gritty, but in reality it is his temper that is so. *Na!* what will you?"—he is old—he is too deaf to play in public any more—he composes, composes all day; it is very bad for his liver." Taking Madame Benin's hand, she walked her briskly towards the head of the stairs. "But they do not last, these spasms. His will be over before the concert to-morrow. Yes, yes. Oh, he will come, and he will bring Pozzi, the conductor. There will be the right audience for your dear child. Do not thank me, dear friend; I too am a woman and a mother—the mother of geniuses, who, alas! did not survive."

Madame Benin paused in deep sympathy. "*Mon Dieu!*" she murmured, compassionately. "And you have lost them so soon—so young?"

"*Ach, yes!*" sobbed Madame Grobinoﬀ, "very—very young. I mean very soon. Franz and Fritz. A 'cellist and a violinist, madame. O my poor wormlings!" She hastily pressed her new friend's hand again, and propelled her forcibly downstairs with a valedictory gesture of much weight and decision.

At the same moment the door of the antechamber burst violently open, and Grobinoﬀ, with his top coat half off and half on, and a crush hat ruffling the stiff gray locks over two small furious eyes, crashed out upon the landing. "Wormlings—wormlings!" he hissed to his wife. "How am I—a maddened man—to compose things that shall live, while thou screamest about worms outside my door? Wormlings!—thou wilt worm me into my grave!"

He clattered down the steep wooden

stairs, pausing at its foot to shake his fist at both women, and with a final inarticulate murmur of "gramophones," disappeared.

Madame Grobinoﬀ clacked her tongue against her teeth. "*Der armer!* He is very bilious to-day. The air will do him good. *Au revoir*, dear madame; it is all right. *Au revoir*."

"*Hé bien!* old *Polichinelle*, hast thou brought me the score?" spluttered Pozzi over his cigar. He took two broad hands out of the mass of black, oily-looking hair which crowned a bland, olive-hued, oily-looking countenance, and with a twinkle in his clever eyes forced Grobinoﬀ into the nearest chair not littered with music. This was a proceeding of some difficulty, as music-books and partitions were piled anyhow on most of the furniture. The room was small, and contained over and above the music, a grand piano, and a strong flavor of cigar blended with the midday onion.

"Are they finished at last, those toys, eh?" went on the conductor good-humoredly.

"You may well say 'at last!'" exploded Grobinoﬀ. He snapped off his hat and kicked it across the room, upon which Pozzi, with a gurgling laugh, picked it up, dusted off the cigar-ash with his sleeve, and replaced it sideways on his friend's head.

"No, no, they will never be finished," cried the unlucky composer, looking up from beneath this ridiculous nimbus with tired old eyes scalded by real tears. "You know the fundamental idea, Pozzi. I have composed serious music in my day—quartettes, trios, sonatas—I have a gift that way, *Hein?*"

Pozzi nodded, extending his hands in a gesture of expressive magnitude.

"Such things I do as I breathe, I may say," went on old Grobinoﬀ loftily. "But it was my dream to give

something more exquisite to the world—more delicately simple, you understand. A flower of inspiration, a work that should please the poetry of a *maestro* to interpret and yet not tax the technique of a child. 'Toys,' I called it." He took a roll of music from his breast, tapping each page as he turned it over with the back of an eager hand. "The Top. The Swing. The Noah's Ark—ha, ha, that is a comical one! The Rocking-horse, and so on—gems, gems, all gems. In these, Pozzi, I should be immortal; they are the children of genius; but the world will never know them—they will die of many interruptions, like my wife's twins."

Pozzi, composing his expression to one of solemnity, laid a respectful hand on his friend's arm. "In them I know what you have lost," he said in funereal tones.

"Oh! Pooh!" returned Grobinoﬀ irritably. "How can any one know? My wife says geniuses. Might have been. They certainly made noise enough in the world for the short time they were in it. And it may be, Pozzi, that the desire of the composer to leave behind him something that shall live, is intensified in me from my being a childless man. Perhaps the father as well as the genius writes in these—perhaps the little dead sons laugh and leap through them all." He shrugged his shoulders. "I have dedicated them mostly to my pupils—the easier ones, that is to say. But the last, Pozzi,"—here he got up and trotted about the room,—"*the last* bothers me, and that is the truth. Fairy-like as it is, it must be the crown of the whole collection. A fugue, see? The themes of the others are woven into it like a garland, and each theme must be given with its distinctive character. Ha! it is exquisite!" He brought his soft, stumpy fingers in a clump to his lips, kissed them, and extended them

into the air. "But it is also difficult—it demands the master. I can neither find a name to express it, nor a name to which to dedicate it. What sayest thou?"

Pozzi, a slow smile distending his mouth over his cigar, took a concert programme from a bundle on the table and proffered it to his friend without a word. On the paper an extremely ugly little boy, with long hair streaming over a sailor-collar, was depicted frowning into his violin. The text underneath set forth that Raoul Benin, the world-famed eight-year-old artist, would give a recital next day at the Salle de la Grande Harmonie.

Grobinoﬀ's outraged feelings got him as far as the door in one bound.

"Bah!" he said. "Thou!—thou canst insult a veteran composer like myself with an offer of a sucking-pig—a prodigy—a creature that bewilders the public by withholding alike the promise of immature childhood and the perfection of developed talent? Ha, thou art well punished. At this detestable performance to-morrow night thou shalt assist—with me. Madame Grobinoﬀ insists that I shall go, out of respect to her twins!"

"Oh, does she?" ejaculated Pozzi dejectedly. "Well, do not excite thyself. Madame Grobinoﬀ protests it gives thee spasms. Let us see that last fledgling of thine?" He pulled the score towards him and began to hum.

"How does it go? Za, za, za, zi, zi, zi—how clever it is, the nameless one! Ah! but I know it. Where have I heard it before?"

"Before?" shouted Grobinoﬀ, with a scarlet face. "Never! It is in the highest degree original."

"I have heard it, though," asseverated Pozzi. "All last week. It was in the house next thine. One of my oboists is ill, and his mother used to plague me to go to see him. Some-

body overhead played these toys all the time!"

"I tell thee the last bars are not yet written," cried Grobinoﬀ furiously. "Who dares to pirate my inspirations like this? Where is my hat? Am I to have my brains burgled in broad daylight by an unknown assassin? Where is thy oboist? Where is the house?"

He was downstairs in a trice, and Pozzi, seeing his perturbation, good-naturedly followed and caught him up, hooking on to his arm.

The oboist, according to his mother, had gone to drink Pozzi's health in one of the many beershops down town. She knew nothing of the other lodgers in the house, and the two friends were disconsolately pausing on the threshold of her little room when a long cadenza on the violin, very clearly and rapidly executed somewhere upstairs, drew an exclamation from both.

"Ha!" whispered Grobinoﬀ. "Without doubt the bandit himself."

He scrambled up to the next flight of steps, and without ceremony threw open the nearest door.

"Aha! you!—in there!"

A small monkey-faced boy came forward shouldering a violin. The bow was still poised in his hand as he frowned at the intruders. Pozzi burst out laughing. Old Grobinoﬀ bristled with excitement.

"It is thou—thou who wert playing, little bandit, little monster, little gorilla—little angel! Whatever thy name is, thou canst play."

The boy picked up a programme from many littered about, and handed it to his interlocutor with a clumsy, childish bow.

Old Grobinoﬀ let the paper fall grimly. "I cannot read without glasses. But *Herr Würmchen*, or *M. Bébé*, or whatever thou art, see here—I salute thee."

The child looked up doubtfully and repeated his flourish.

"I am practising," he said with some resentment. "For my concert."

"Pooh!" cried old Grobinoff, affecting disdain: "give me thy violin. This is how it should go."

He swept the cadenza off the strings in a masterly way. Little Raoul Benin, suddenly cowed and respectful, opened his mouth, but said nothing. Pozzi stood by, grinning.

Old Grobinoff went on playing, keeping his eyes steadily fixed on those flashing dark ones which redeemed the ugliness of the baby artist's small quivering face. All at once he slid into his own compositions, and the little boy pricked up his ears: seeing which the old composer, winking at Pozzi, bungled and stopped.

"How—how does it go?" he exclaimed, slapping his forehead.

"But like this," cried little Raoul, snatching at the instrument. "Oh! the music from next door, it is so easy—and so pretty—so pretty—" He began delicately feeling the strings, smiling to himself and humming. All at once a fairy strain stole through the room.

Grobinoff's eyes were starting out of his head, every hair bristling.

"Faster!—faster! It is a top—a plaything: whip it up—like this!" He caught Pozzi by his broad shoulders and spun him round and round.

The child, cackling delightedly, mended his pace on the instrument. The little dancing tune became a delicious musical filligree. Grobinoff, gasping, let the stout, incoherently protesting Pozzi go, and flung both arms round the little artist.

"Bravo—bravissimo! See, my child, they shall all be thine, my Toys! The Top, the Noah's Ark, the Rocking-horse—everything!"

"O-o-oh! thank you," cried the little boy, burrowing his head into Grobinoff's collar. His high, babyish treble was quite cracked with ecstasy. "But

where—where are they, then?" he exclaimed, clasping both hands round the old violinist's neck and beginning to prance.

With the clinging touch of the little lean body, the pressure of the childish face to his own, Grobinoff suddenly became scarlet and blinked. He drew the precious score from his breast.

"Here, my child," he said very seriously, "all for thee—all for M. Bébé, see?"

M. Bébé took the music into hands limp with disappointment. His lip quivered.

"Music!" he said in a small crest-fallen voice. "Always music! I thought you meant—real toys."

"Animal that I am!" shouted Grobinoff. He put the child down and made for the door, then hurried back to Pozzi, feeling in his pockets.

"Come with me—I want thee—at least I want thy purse. My wife—Oh, damn these gramophones! they are all misers. I will pay thee to-morrow."

Pozzi gurgled. Grobinoff's struggles with Madame Grobinoff anent these too frequently recurring to-morrows were the joke of the Conservatoire. Nevertheless, the habits of a lifetime could not but prevail, and where the violinist led, the conductor inevitably followed. On this occasion he found himself in a very few minutes, and very much out of breath, landed in the nearest toy-shop.

"A top—no, three tops—we will all spin tops; and a whip—no, three whips; and a Noah's ark; and the biggest rocking-horse. See! Pozzi—that—that monarch over there with the blue velvet saddle."

Pozzi nudged him.

"Hold hard! old *Polichinelle*—we have very little money left. Would he not like that trumpet too?"

"Aha! but these gentlemen are good parents!" purred the enraptured lady over the counter, turning up two suf-

fused eyes in a fat face. "And where shall I send the goods?"

"Send! I will take them, Madame—yes, yes, just as they are—we will not wait to have them packed. I have espied a beautiful hamper next door."

"At the fruiterer's?" cried Madame of the toyshop, amazed.

But her purchasers were already outside, disputing in Flemish with the small, tearful, pink maiden in charge of piles of mushrooms and greenstuff, whose long flaxen pigtail became visibly stiff with indignation as she averred that the *patron* would be extremely angry if his market-baskets were disturbed.

"Oh, pooh!—a gramophone already at thy age?" cried Grobinoﬀ, snatching up the largest peach from the bowl and cramming it into the little girl's mouth. "There, grind away into that; and be silent else. Pozzi, some money. Only one franc? Well, it will just pay for this peach. Now the basket. Here, I will take one handle, thou the other. Come along."

Pozzi having now abandoned himself to the spirit of adventure, the two elderly musicians raised the lop-sided crate with much difficulty, and laughing immoderately, set off at an uneven canter through the streets. An infuriated shout behind them made Grobinoﬀ quicken his pace.

"The *patron*!" he gasped. "What hast thou left in thy pocket, Pozzi?"

"Only cigars," panted the *Chef d'orchestre*, asthmatically, for he was a good deal heated.

"Throw him two, and trot on."

Pozzi disengaged a fat hand and good-naturedly jerked a bunch of cigars over his shoulder. "*Peste!* he still follows," he ejaculated after a minute, and flung out the remainder. "Only the cigar-case remains," said he, and began forthwith to gurggle.

"One last sacrifice!" implored Grobinoﬀ, who was nearly in tears. "It is

electroplate—I gave it thee—but he will think it is silver. Throw, Pozzi, and let us run. Stop laughing, old fool; thou wilt choke."

Trembling in every limb as a result of their varied emotions, the two conspirators squeezed through a crowded street and turned into an *impasse* to rest. The *Chef d'orchestre*, with an apoplectic countenance, took off his hat and fanned himself. Grobinoﬀ was in wild spirits.

"Call thyself a man and a leader of men," he said derisively, "and canst not carry a little child's happiness such a little way! As for me," he spun round like a top, "I am an Atlas. I could shoulder the world. I tell thee, Pozzi, my twins are resuscitated—to-day I am a father for the first time!"

"Twins," panted the purple conductor. "Ah! *Ca! non*. Content thee with one of them. Two rocking-horses, *parbleu!* Ha! praise be to God, my oboist. Here, you! You are strong with beer. Take this other handle instead of M. Grobinoﬀ, who is tired. Now, then, old *farceur*, let go."

"Let us all jump along like the rocking-horse!" cried Grobinoﬀ, proceeding out of the *impasse* in a series of bounds. "It will be much easier so."

"Yes, but do not bring the police down on us," warned Pozzi. "My pupils . . . you understand?"

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An hour later, when Madame Benin, wearied with much business, was about to call on Madame Grobinoﬀ again before re-entering her own apartment, she met that benevolent woman tumbling downstairs in *déshabille*.

"Praise be to God you have returned!" said the violinist's wife. "There are such strange sounds next door. I hear them through the wall. Pray Heaven your gifted child be not ill."

Madame Benin shrieked, and the two women fled down one set of stairs and up those of the next house together.

The gifted child was not ill; on the contrary he was enjoying an hour of unmixed bliss. He, Pozzi, and Grobinoﬀ were squatting on their knees on the floor; all three spinning tops against each other. A prancing wooden horse with a velvet saddle still beat the boards unevenly hard by, and the animals of a Noah's Ark were littered about in profusion. In the intervals of cracking whips each musician incessantly imitated the voice of his favorite animal, while the oboist from his corner punctuated the discord with blasts on a penny trumpet.

"The cat wius!" cried little Raoul. "Mew, mew, mew——"

"No, it is the dog—Pozzi's dog-top holds out longest," chuckled Pozzi himself. "Bravo—bravissimo! Pozzi's dog! Bow, wow, wow, wow!" With each bark he smacked his top with the whip.

"It is the lion!" shouted old Grobinoﬀ. He opened his mouth for a roar of exceeding magnitude, which, however, ended in a splutter against Madame Grobinoﬀ's plump, silencing hand.

"Alexis, have you gone mad? Is this a madman, or a simple beast?" demanded Madame Grobinoﬀ of the celling. "Have I indeed married into the Zoo? You will have brain fever after this. Alexis, think of your work!"

"My work? my work?" cried the composer, struggling to his feet. He was serious in a moment, and stumbling over to the table, picked up his musical manuscript and waved it over little Raoul's head. "Woman, dost thou see this wonder-child?"

The Pall Mall Magazine.

"This wonder-child!" repeated his wife, checking a sudden smile. Pinching Madame Benin's arm, she composed her features to severity again. "Certainly, I see him. He ought to be practising."

"He does not need to practise any more to-day. He must rest—we must all rest before the concert. *Hein*, Pozzi? He will be great some day. As great as I was. Greater than thy Fritz."

"*Ach!* Fritz!" ejaculated Madame Grobinoﬀ, fumbling for her pocket-handkerchief. "Our son—the violinist," she sobbed for Madame Benin's benefit, pressing it to two genuinely tearful eyes.

"And as for my 'Toys,'" went on the musician, fingering his roll of paper, "they are complete. The last melody—that triumph of true music, that crown of all the rest, is even now concluded. I myself wrote the name and the dedication half an hour ago, while the child here was on his rocking-horse with Pozzi."

"*Hé!* Let us see," cried Pozzi, lurching up from the floor.

"It is not for thee, Pozzi," returned his friend loftily. He put the score into the baby-artist's hand. "Read, little one."

"To my brother-in-art," spelt out little Raoul slowly. "To my brother-in-art, *M. Bébé.*"

"Just so," assented Grobinoﬀ, lifting the child, manuscript and all, into his arms. "And now the name—canst thou make it out—*hein?*"

The name of the last melody was "The Laurel-wreath."

Elinor M. Sweetman.

ON THE DECAY OF FRENCH MANNERS.

According to the late Mr. F. Trollope (a brother of the novelist), who was familiar with the continental society of half a century ago, the last Frenchman to retain, in the perfection of its traditions, "*la grande manière*" was Châteaubriand, the author of "*Le Génie du Christianisme*." That this complex personage, who had shown himself to be in so many respects an innovator, and even, politically speaking, an iconoclast, should have displayed an unswerving loyalty to forms which to a modern mind might seem to matter as little or less than any other, is attributable doubtless to his romanticism. An ineradicable pride of race was one of the most significant elements in the romanticism of this great writer, the founder indeed of the Romantic School, the literary father of Victor Hugo; on it was based his passion for politeness, and out of this in turn grew in a great measure his admiration for Christianity and his attitude of veneration towards the Catholic Church, whom he upheld and defended, and whose tenets he accepted in a spirit of chivalry which was the very essence of good breeding. Châteaubriand would have condemned the conduct of the French Government of to-day towards the Catholic Church as, above all things, ungentlemanly, and therein it would, we fear, have been difficult to gainsay him. Good manners are impossible without sincere religion in one form or another, and the converse is also true. The decay of French manners—which is alas! a real thing—has been contemporary with the gradual disappearance or decline of most of the finer artistic instincts by which the life of the French people was formerly inspired.

This is a world-wide disaster. Be it understood, however, that we are not

seeking to establish invidious comparisons. We are not saying that while French manners have deteriorated, English manners have improved. We have no knowledge of English manners, as such, nor do we fully believe that they have any categorical existence. But France has hitherto been the fount of politeness from whose sparkling sources the rest of the civilized world has drawn its supply. That this fount should be running dry is as terrible a catastrophe as was the decay of Greek art, and the final oblivion which has overtaken its principles and teachings. In a few years it is more than likely that Europe will no longer possess any but defunct models of *savoir-vivre*, dilapidated antiques without arms or legs.

Politeness, to which the French nation has given so subtle and suave a countenance, probably originated in a sense of fear. To study fear in its highest expression we must go to the insect world. No living thing will make room for you with greater conviction or *empressement* than the common insect of our fields and roads, which through countless æons of fear has gradually acquired an elaborate coat of armor, a number of eyes in its back, a habit of going out at night, and a thousand legs to run away with. Such a creature is wonderfully adapted by nature for the practice of the cheaper courtesies of life. It could hardly ever make a *gaffe*. In semi-savage countries, such as Germany and certain states of America, politeness is, though barbaric, of a more ceremonious description than among better bred and better fed peoples. A more or less vague feeling of apprehension governs it. And even in France to-day the cheerful good-morning which the

French peasant as a rule gives you is often distinctly reassuring when you meet him at some lonely corner of a wood. The practice of handshaking is traced by certain authorities to a desire common to the parties concerned to show that neither is carrying a weapon. But these origins are of small import. The art of politeness, invented and brought to its apogee of completeness by the French, belongs to quite a different sphere of ideas. Politeness, instead of being a homage to the strong, had developed from the days of chivalry when its chief mission was to protect the weak, into a perfect compendium of the art of living based upon unrestrained generosity both of thought and action. Perfect politeness is perfect liberality. A liberal education, the liberal arts are identical with a polite education, the polite arts! And any decay in national politeness cannot fail to react to a most alarming degree upon the intellect and character of the civilized world at large. Brief reflection aided by the most superficial examination of the main facts in the history of man's development will amply suffice to show that literary and artistic decadence has ever been accompanied by a dulling of the instinct of liberality—the cheap church has taken the place of the cathedral built at an inestimable expense of labor and devotion, and similar mental and moral degeneracy has marked the invasion of the cheap house, the cheap book, the cheap *object d'art*, the cheap everything.

All truly artistic effort is a labor of love, and love never counts the cost. Art has no price, and makes none. A perfect art of politeness ever involves in one respect or another act of self-abnegation. There is the famous example of Lord Stair and Louis XIV., when his lordship, being bidden by the king to precede him into one of the royal carriages, immediately complied.

The politeness was equal on both sides. The French sovereign gave proof of unrestrained liberality worthy of so magnanimous a monarch by abandoning his prerogative of precedence in his own dominions to the Scotch viscount. The English Ambassador returned the compliment by yielding immediate obedience to the behest of a king who was not his master. Neither sacrifice was outdone by the other. In another and even more typical instance the Duc de Richelieu, having called upon the English Ambassador, courteously forbade the latter to see him to his carriage. "I shall disobey your orders, monseigneur," was the Ambassador's reply. "In that case," said the Duc with a smile, "I shall imprison you," and, slipping through the door, he deftly locked it behind him. But the English Ambassador was equal to the occasion. He leapt from the second-floor window of his apartment on to the stones below, and, though he broke his leg in doing so, he was bowing at the door when the Duc de Richelieu, delighted to have been so elegantly outwitted, entered his *carrosse*. It were wrong to laugh. That was the "grande manière."

The decay of politeness in France may be variously traced to the coarsening and levelling effects of obligatory military service, to the growth of democratic ideas, the spirit of rapacity which is masked under the word "égalité," to the absence of a Court, to political discontent, to financial embarrassment, to many causes, the analysis of which, however, possesses but little interest. That the French are not as polite and, concomitantly, not as cheerful as they were is obvious to even a week-end tripper. For within the memory of man quite the majority of the Parisians, even of the lower middle-class, were examples of civilized and pleasant courtesy to their social peers across the Channel. Did not

Heinrich Heine say (who, however, was not an altogether reliable judge in such matters) that the ladies of the Paris Central Markets talked like duchesses? To-day the elaborate phraseology of the French colloquial tongue is giving place to slang, to snippety idioms borrowed from English, the idioms which English can best afford to lose, to sporting abbreviations. The very grammar is being slowly but surely uprooted. And with the stately old language is disappearing the environment

The Academy.

which was appropriate to it. The *café où l'on cause* has yielded up its life to the noisy beerhouse. Art and literature are both deeply affected by the decay of manners in France. The vulgar automobile, whose inconsiderate movements are everywhere the epitome of bad manners, is acknowledged to be a chief cause of the poverty which has befallen both artists and men of letters. The devotees of the new sport have neither money to buy pictures nor time to read books.

Rowland Strong.

THE PASSING OF THE GIPSY.

The band of gipsies who were lately wandering about this country causing terror to farmers and villagers, driven from one county to another by relentless authority, were typical of a race that is fast dying out. A century ago a hundred thousand gipsies were roaming about Scotland alone, and as many more in the southern half of the kingdom; but their numbers have become so gradually diminished that, according to the latest estimate, only about ten thousand of this itinerant class remain in Great Britain. Nevertheless, something like a million gipsies still pursue their nomadic life in different parts of Europe, and as many more perhaps in other parts of the world. Much romance has always surrounded the character of the gipsy: his life of perfect freedom, even though it degenerated to license, his imaginary power of divining and fortune-telling, of magic and chiromancy, have secured for him a toleration which has often been undeserved. The toad plays a prominent part in gipsy witchcraft: those who tell fortunes pretend that it brings luck. Luck with gipsies, in fact, counts for a good deal:—

When you are going along the street
It's lucky a gipsy man to meet.

That the race has in the course of centuries sadly deteriorated there can be little doubt. Physically and morally the gipsy of to-day is not the gipsy of the times when they poured into Europe in their thousands and roamed over different countries, at first fascinating the peoples by gaudy if not luxurious dress, and later terrorizing them by thieving and other delinquencies. Whence they came was for long an uncertain question. "Little Egypt" was proclaimed to be their home, though the tribe was unknown on the banks of the Nile. That they were of Hindu origin has been traced through their language and customs. From India they emigrated in hordes into Persia and Armenia, where they remained until their depredations led to their expulsion. One large tribe then passed on to North Africa through Syria and thence to South America, whilst another invaded Europe, first settling in Greece and Crete, there being a regular gipsy colony in Corfu in the middle of the fourteenth century. Passing into Wallachia, the gipsies settled there until the rule of the Turk compelled them to depart; they then advanced into Transylvania and Hungary and spread over Europe, some of them making their appearance

on the shores of the North Sea and the Baltic early in the fifteenth century.

It was not until the gipsies had roamed through the greater part of Germany that any serious action was taken against them. They were then denounced as spies and outlaws, and ordered to be shot down or hanged. Breaking up into various bands, the gipsies met with varying receptions in the different countries they traversed. Those who reached Finland were compulsorily settled on Crown lands, others who found their way into Denmark and Sweden were expelled by royal decrees; in Italy they found no peace, and from France they were forcibly expelled. Spain, however, gave them a friendly welcome, and the gipsy still lingers there, a tolerated and, it may be hoped, a well-behaved member of the community. Although the bands which invaded this country in the fifteenth century were proscribed by royal decrees, their successors have not suffered unmerited persecution by authority; they have, however, been held amenable to punishment for breaking the laws, and are even now driven from pillar to post by the guardians of the peace, who are always anxious to be rid of their presence.

It must not be assumed that all who lead a nomadic life, living in vans and attending local fairs, are necessarily gipsies: the true gipsy can always be distinguished by his swarthy face, black hair and eyes, and pearly teeth; by nature, whilst often courageous in defence, he is revengeful and treacherous; he recognizes no religion and his catechism is said to be contained in three precepts—"Be true to your people, be faithful to your husbands, and pay no debts except to your own kindred." His larcenous propensities are notorious:—

For every gipsy that comes to toon,
A hen will be a-missing soon.

And for every gipsy woman old,
A maiden's fortune will be told.

So we read in Leland's interesting book on *Gypsy Sorcery*:—

Gipsy hair and devil's eyes,
Ever stealing, full of lies,
Yet always poor and never wise.

Scattered as the race now is over the greater part of the world, it is believed that the gipsies still have leaders with distinctive signs in dress or ornament, though they no longer recognize them as "kings." Uneducated though they have always been, they have given many proofs of genius, especially in their cultivation, after their own fashion, of music. "From the date of their first appearance in the Theiss and Carpathian mountains," we read in Helmolt's *History of the World*, "the gipsies were especially famous as musicians. In this capacity they found employment at the Courts of the princes and magnates; in 1525 they were even "installed" at the national assembly of Hatvan as musicians. Their yearning, heartrending melodies, composed as it were of passionate sighs, are played with incomparable purity, certainty, and feeling. Soon this romantic people acquired a privileged position among the Hungarians; noble and citizen, peasant and student, alike delighted in the sound of the gipsy violin. These poetic nomads remain one of the most interesting features both of the Hungarian plains and of the Transylvanian forests. . . . Here, also, in Transylvania and Hungary are to be found the truest lyric poets among the gipsies, men living in joyful seclusion from the world, or considering the world only in the light of their own experience. The existence of a ballad poetry among the gipsies has long been denied, without due consideration of the fact that a people of such high musical talent could

not fail to possess a store of ballads. It is difficult to imagine anything more perfect than these lyrics, which are to be found among the wandering gipsies of Hungary and the Balkan territories. One poetess only has left two hundred and fifty gipsy poems in writing, the Servian wandering gipsy Gima Rancic, who died in 1891. Beyond this the intellectual achievements of the gipsies are few. The gipsy women earn a fair amount of money by the practice of incantation, fortune-telling, card-play, and the like, and enjoy a reputation among the villages as leeches and magicians. Most of the female magicians have been trained by their mothers from early childhood and have inherited the necessary prestige. They play a considerable part in all the family festivals of the wandering gipsies." Amulets are treasured by gipsies as having supernatural influences. So also shells:—

Shake me and it awakens—then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive
ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs
there.

Charms are also favored by some
The Outlook.

gipsy tribes; those in Tuscany resort to the following to punish a faithless lover: The deceived maiden lights a candle at midnight and pricks it with a needle several times, saying:—

Thrice the candle's broke by me,
Thrice thy heart shall broken be!

If the faithless lover marries another, the girl mixes the broken shell of a crab in his food or drink, or hides one of her hairs in a bird's nest; this, it is assumed, will make the marriage unhappy.

In various parts of Russia, notably in the Ural district, hordes of gipsies still linger, and they are also famous for their music, the rendering of gipsy songs being a popular feature in the entertainments of the principal Russian cities. But in most countries the race is fast disappearing, partly through absorption into the native populations, and to some extent, as in this country, through the forests and commons, which were formerly the gipsies' haunts and retreats, being brought within the purview or under the control of urban authorities ever ready to stamp out the nomadic pest wherever it may appear.

THE CREED OF A LAYMAN.*

This book is a real human document, which will some day be of considerable historical interest; for it expresses, in the nervous and dignified English of which its author is a recognized master, the inner life of a movement which was characteristic of a certain phase of cultivated thought in the nineteenth century. That movement is not, in our opinion, likely to have any great direct importance. We see no reason

* "The Creed of a Layman." By Frederic Harrison. (Macmillan & Co.)

to believe that "the religion of humanity" will ever embrace a very wide circle of worshippers, or will afford more than a temporary refuge for those persons of agnostic opinions and Christian ethical ideals for whom it mainly caters. On the contrary, all the evidence seems to show that those who surrender Theism to the assaults of what they believe to be reason will drift further and further away from the altruistic ideals and religious emotion which are the *raison d'être* of Positiv-

ism as preached by Comte, and practised by many of his disciples. It is not Christianity, but Nietzsche, that is the true answer to Mr. Harrison's creed. So far as we can see, the claim of the strange Teutonic anti-Christian to set forth the logical outcome of evolution, when made into a world-philosophy, is increasingly felt to be unanswerable by all those who reject the "supernaturalism" of Mr. Harrison's scorn. And Nietzsche's ethics are, it need hardly be stated, as wide apart as the poles from those of Comte and his disciples; indeed, Nietzsche's system is more opposed to Comtism than it is to Christianity, for the latter faith does emphasize individuality in a way which modern altruism does not.

However this may be, we have in these partly reprinted essays an eloquent presentment of the case for a new religion, as seen by a man eminently sincere, to whom the Christian faith in any form appears a "baseless fabric." But it is not so much what he denies as what he affirms that makes these essays, and especially the later ones, such instructive reading. So far as destruction goes, Mr. Frederic Harrison is content with "the *Zeitgeist*." Supernaturalism faded out of his mind, and, in his opinion, is an organism which cannot thrive in the cultivated world of to-day. He nowhere argues against the Christian creed, and expresses, indeed, nothing but contempt for mere scepticism and ignorant criticism. But, like his adversary, Matthew Arnold, he assumes that "miracles do not happen," and clearly believes that there is no need to disprove a faith which educated men have ceased to take seriously, except when they juggle themselves into accepting it in gross while denying it in detail. Like many men of his views, he has little but scorn for all modern interpretations of the faith which strive to reconcile it with scientific inquiry, and he shows a cer-

tain prejudice against such mild forms of heterodoxy as those with which the names of Temple and Gore have at times been associated. We make no comment on this attitude; but simply state the fact that the author writes for those who do not accept the faith, not to demonstrate its absurdity to those who do. We think his assumption that no cultivated man can be a Christian unwarrantable; but there is certainly much in the atmosphere of the modern world to make it plausible. Where, however, the author is on strongest ground is in his argument against the purely intellectualist view of human life. The main interest of the book, as, indeed, of the system it expounds, lies for us in three points.

First, it is the uprising of the emotional and practical spirit against the aridity of purely academic philosophers. With chaste and moving eloquence Mr. Harrison repeatedly demolishes the claims of mere culture apart from the common life, and the imperious demand of "the abstractions of the understanding" to create for themselves a world of their own, divorced from the moral ideals and the living interests of the common man. He is in this sense eminently democratic, and sees the futility of the exclusive academic spirit of aristocratic intellectualism with no less clearness than does Dr. Bussell in a book we recently reviewed. The most telling passages in the whole volume are those which deal with this topic, which constantly recurs.

Secondly, the book is evidence of the purely temporary and episodic character of Protestant individualism. To Mr. Frederic Harrison the notion of religion set forth by such a book as "*Das Wesen des Christenthums*" (we take this as the readiest to hand) is essentially narrow and futile, and has, indeed, only been obtained because certain outward conditions of culture and social circumstances have made it pos-

sible for a class of people to exist who can abstract from the religious consciousness most of that which makes it valuable to the common man. And it is the common man, not the intellectual aristocrat, of whom Mr. Harrison is thinking—at least as a general rule. There are exceptions, as when he claims that the religion of humanity addresses itself only to the mature and adult intelligence. Indeed, in our opinion, the words of its Founder on the nature of the kingdom of heaven form one of the best apologies for Christianity, and the Church will hold the field unless and until some substitute can be found equally comprehensible to childhood, and equally consolatory to old age and infirmity.

Lastly, the book is interesting as showing with pathos and truth the religious spirit, in spite of all negations, reasserting itself, and demanding imperiously that its thirst shall not go unquenched. To most readers, we suspect, the final essays or sermons—for the title is a misnomer, and Mr. Harrison is the hierophant of a new faith, in spite of all he can urge to the contrary—these sermons, then, to most people will be at once pathetic and helpful. They are pathetic, for in their attempt to resuscitate all the elements of worship without any of its material, and to parody the sacramental system of the Catholic Church, they appear indeed to be giving stones for bread, and striving to satisfy the eternal famine of the spirit with the most meagre of diets. But this is not all. The discourses give us nothing to rest in, and

inspire at first little but despairing wonder at the men and women who (clearly) feel so great a need of the offices of religion, yet are true enough to themselves to try to be content with such a Barmecide feast of emotion. They do, however, show one fact even by the very sterility of the material, and by what will seem to many the ineptitude of the ceremonies. That one fact is this: "Man is a religious animal," just as he is a political one; and no system of life, no scientific doctrine, no faith in ordered progress or inevitable development, no irresistible agnosticism—for to some it is irresistible—can in the long run win the suffrages of men, or hold their allegiance, if it denies that fact, and runs counter, not to the impulse or emotions merely, but to the true instinct of the human soul. Religion is, in fact, of the nature of things—as Creighton said, it is "not a luxury but a necessity." Those who have striven, in a fit of intellectual asceticism, to throw it overboard as the Jonah on the ship of progress will in the long run find their Jonah very much alive, and more potent (for good and evil alike) than ever before. That seems to us the lesson of this book, and for that reason it has an interest far beyond its immediate subject. Mr. Harrison begins with a somewhat narrow egotism, and his first pages are irritating, meagre, and disappointing; but the latter half of the book becomes universal in its interest, and cogent in its claims, so that these essays well repay the reflective reading which they require.

RUSSIA—PROGRESS BY REACTION.

It is not easy for Englishmen to gauge the needs of Russia. It is indeed less easy for us than for other European nations, for, on the assumption that all government travels towards democracy, our political development has reached a stage several centuries ahead of Russia. But this does not restrain readiness to criticise the action of the Russian Government. It is the vice which has characterized all our observations on the politics of foreign countries for a century. We still argue from the standpoint of the mid-Victorian era though events have considerably mitigated the theory which was fifty years ago an accepted convention, that parliamentary government was the universal panacea for popular discontent. The action of the Tsar and his Government is stigmatized as "unconstitutional" without any real knowledge on the part of the accusers as to what is the real sum of the word "unconstitutional" when applied to Russian affairs. Although the English King might be acting within his rights as legally defined, he would clearly be acting in an "unconstitutional" manner if he dissolved his Parliament without consulting his Ministers—though this, oddly enough, was the action dictated to the monarch by certain Radical scribes before the last General Election. Certain accepted conventions have now become in fact part of the British Constitution. Again, the President of the United States is bound by certain written rules of political conduct, and to run counter to them would, in the strictest sense of the term, be unconstitutional, but when we come to consider the case of Russia, such terms are a misuse of language. The Tsar's action may have been rash or unjustifiable,

but to say that he has acted "unconstitutionally" is absurd. The advice of his Ministers may have been bad or foolish, but in following it he has not in any way exceeded what he had a right to do.

To argue on any other lines is to miss the essential facts of the whole Russian situation. The Douma owes its existence to the Tsar alone. It was instituted to advise and not to dictate. In its first phase it grotesquely exaggerated its power, it mistook altogether the position it was intended to occupy in the economy of the State. It attempted to carry out in action the wildest revolutionary theories of which Slav enthusiasts had become enamored as only Slavs can be. In short it attempted to supply to a society, which in most of its aspects is still mediæval, and in many oriental, an outfit of political nostrums which a North American State would regard as visionary. When the inevitable happened and the first Douma was relegated to the Limbo of Vanity, better hopes dawned with the second, and for a time it certainly seemed that Russia was on a fair road to a more orderly conception of what might legitimately be expected from a union of popular aspiration with autocratic control. But the situation since then has been palpably working up towards a violent solution. It has been hitherto the curse of all Slav nations that violent methods are more acceptable to reformers than gradual advance. M. Stolypin and the Moderates might have done a good deal to ease the progress of the political machine, but unfortunately the control of events was violently wrested from their hands. We are by no means disposed to blame indiscriminately or altogether the revolutionary

section. Quite as much reproach attaches to the Reactionaries, if not more. That they applaud the action of the Tsar in dissolving the Douma does not excuse their own extravagances. They, with the violent reformers, have unfortunately made parliamentary government on the basis of a wide suffrage altogether impossible. It is hopeless to try to discover how far the charges of conspiracy against the State brought by the Government against certain members of the advanced Left could be substantiated by evidence. From previous experience it is difficult to reject them altogether, for, though they may be exaggerated, there are indications that the accusations of tampering with the fidelity of the army are not devoid of truth. Whatever view then be taken of the rights originally conferred on the Douma by the laws, so-called "fundamental," it is not reasonable to contest the proposition that an Assembly which has clearly overstepped its mandate by intriguing against the Administration has earned its own dissolution as a natural consequence.

It may be correct to say, as has been said by some of its defenders, that M. Stolypin was in favor of some delay in the action of his Government. He has all along hoped to bend the energies of the Assembly in a rational direction with the help of the Moderates, but in any case the course of the Douma was clearly run and its usefulness exhausted. It was a cause of weakness and not of strength, and at the present moment in Russia what is urgently needed is not mild reforming methods so much as the preservation of law and order. The first duty of a Government in all countries is to govern, and anything which impedes its performing this primary duty must be removed. The less developing a country is politically, the more it requires the active force of Government, but

like other children it is not able to recognize its need. For this reason the presence of a really popular Assembly in a country like Russia is a dangerous anomaly. It would seem as if the Administration had at length recognized this and were about to reverse their course and endeavor to found Russian political freedom upon a rational basis. Their fault hitherto has been that they have allowed themselves to fall victims to an attractive theory in defiance of all practical considerations. This is a danger particularly besetting a Slav race. When it was resolved to give Russia a popular assembly, the mistake was made of passing at one bound from a State organized on the basis of autocracy to extreme democracy. Such a leap in the dark was never yet taken with success by any people, civilized or uncivilized. The amusing thing is that our own sternest critics of the Russian Government are chiefly to be found among those who regard the career of Cromwell with worshipful reverence. Now if there be any excuse to be found for the nature of Cromwell's Government it lies entirely in the fact that he recognized the fundamental truth that a country requires first of all repose from continuous agitation and strict control of anarchical tendencies by the ruling power, and if it does not exercise those prerogatives which every Government possesses it ceases to deserve obedience and ipso facto ceases to receive it. Consequently, Cromwell took very good care that elections should not go against his Government. He and his major-generals would have made no bones of the new election law in Russia.

In reversing its previous action and promulgating the new electoral law, the Russian Administration may have acted in violation of certain pledges rashly given; but for that, if it be a fact, it will easily earn forgiveness if the new

experiment succeeds. Unless practical anarchy is to prevail and continue, it is clear that an attempt must be made to return to some sound basis of political action. Such a foundation could never have been found in the course originally taken of enfranchising indiscriminately all nationalities, putting the fit and the unfit on an equal footing and allowing disruptive forces full play. If, as some people appear to think, parliamentary institutions are the cure for all political woes, then it seems strange that they are to be applauded when they are set up in a manner diametrically contrary to the laws of their organic growth. The best hope for Russia lies in the fact that the Administration has been sensible enough to apprehend its error and amend it in spite of much obloquy. To eliminate from the electoral list

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large numbers of persons clearly not entitled by their political capacity to enjoy their privileges is perhaps high-handed, but is justified by the mischievous activity of the nationalities now dispossessed. They will clamor and the Russian Administration must suffer the unfortunate results of its own untoward and ill-calculated generosity. Its best hope must lie in its capacity to start afresh on right lines and gradually to evolve in the course of years what it rashly endeavored to create in a moment. England is constantly held up (mainly, no doubt, by Englishmen) as a model for Russia. Well, if English political history teaches anything, it is that constitutionalism is a slow growth; the autocrat first, then the oligarchy, then the middle class, and at length the working man.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A tardy tribute to the memory of George Elliot has been erected near her birthplace, Asbury Park, by Mr. F. A. Newdigate. A granite pillar records the dates of her birth and death, and bears the simple legend, "Lest we Forget."

The brown-covered volumes which represent the department of Oratory in the series of books grouped in Everyman's Library increase more slowly than the volumes in other departments. So far, only Lincoln's Speeches, edited by Mr. Bryce, and William Pitt's magnificent orations in Parliament on the War with France have appeared. These set a high level.

Among the papers left by Mr. Gladstone was a large mass of material dealing with the theological and eccle-

siastical affairs in which he was always so keenly interested. His literary executors have now entrusted Mr. D. C. Lathbury with the task of making a selection from these papers and writing an explanatory narrative. This choice of an editor is a happy one. Mr. Lathbury belongs, as Mr. Gladstone did, to the small but active school of High Church Liberals, and his brilliant editorship of "The Pilot" will be remembered.

Of those humbler poets, whose songs, as Longfellow wrote of them, "gushed from their hearts," few of the last generation were more winning, endowed with a more sincere and sympathetic nature, or possessed of sweeter lyric gifts than Adelaide Anne Proctor. Her "Legends and Lyrics" and "A Chaplet of Verses" are combined in

one volume in Everyman's Library which may be the means of introducing her to readers who have grown weary of the eccentricities and affectations of many present-day minor poets. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mrs. Lillian Shuman Dreyfus's very tasteful little volume "In Praise of Leaves" is so much better than "From Me to You" published under her maiden name of Lillian Gertrude Shuman, that one feels justified in expecting her capacity for expression to increase even further; meanwhile "In Praise of Leaves" shows power to touch the heart in many passages reflecting deep emotion. The descriptive poems reveal vision more penetrative and greater power of imagination than appeared in the early volume. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

Mrs. Clara Dillingham Pierson's "The Millers at Pencroft" continues the pretty tale of Jack, Ralph and Helen, begun in "Three Little Millers." Good children happy in parents loving them enough to make them suffer for wrongdoing, and accepting their good behavior as natural and expected, they have plenty of adventures such as make history for children and their story may well tempt older readers. Mrs. Pierson is so much better when writing of children than when attempting the instructive fable form that one can forgive her for substituting "visit" for "talk," "dock" for "wharf," and "might" for "would." It is easy to bid young readers to avoid these faults: it is not easy to find stories in which no other errors can be discerned. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mary Cowden Clarke's "The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines" appears in three volumes in the division of children's books in Everyman's Library, and as their first appeal is to young

readers, they belong there; yet older readers may read them with pleasure, so ingenious are they in construction and so charming in incident. It was after the sixteen years of loving labor bestowed upon her monumental Concordance to Shakespeare's works that Mrs. Clarke conceived and carried out her plan of writing these fifteen tales, in which she essayed to tell what might have been the girlhood story of Shakespeare's chief heroines. Read either as stories or as character studies, they are attractive and delightful, and are curiously little hampered by the self-imposed necessity of bringing them into essential accord with the great dramatist's delineations of the later lives of the heroines. E. P. Dutton & Co.

It is announced that the Pope has issued a decree entrusting to the Benedictine Order the revision of the text of the Vulgate. This is the result of the Biblical Commission, which was appointed towards the end of the late Pontificate. The importance of this revision can scarcely be over-estimated; its publication will mark the present century. The Vulgate is by far the most important version of the Bible in existence. For fifteen hundred years it has been to all Latin peoples, and to the strongly Latinized races what the Authorized Version has been in the restricted field of the Anglo-Saxons for the brief period of three centuries. Irrespective of its authoritative theological value to half Christendom, its influence over all European art and literature has been so great that neither can be justly appreciated without some study of it. Its general accuracy in representing the sense of the original scriptures according to the estimate of modern scholarship is shown by the continually nearer approach to it of versions made since its date. The Authorized Version is the result of the

labors of many writers, and is based on many other earlier versions such as those of Wycliffe, Tyndall and the Bishops, while the Vulgate is mainly the work of one man, St. Jerom.

One likes to fancy the horror of a mediæval scholar, or even of a scholar of the last century on finding "Transportation" in the list of studies of any university, but Johns Hopkins has such a chair and it is filled by Mr. Logan G. McPherson, whose "The Working of Railroads" will be found remarkably interesting. Its author calls it a primer and not a treatise, but it contains enough to employ the average reader until the treatise shall be written. Construction and operation and traffic, the matters most evident in relation to railways, occupy about a third of the book; accounting, statistics, the financial and executive administration about a quarter; the correlation of the widely radiating channels of work and action, and consideration of the relations of the railway to the public and the state complete the book, which is written for the voter, whose attention is as a rule selfishly fixed upon fares and charges; for the men actually in the service and naturally and properly finding the allotment of work and the rates of payment, the matters most important, and for young men studying transportation with a view to making it the business of their lives. No other book considers the subject in so many or so diverse ways, and it must have much influence in shaping public opinion. Henry Holt & Co.

The test of an historical novel is the duration of its possession of the reader's mind; the number of minutes or

hours during which his native speech and air seem alien, and these are ordinarily so few that one expects no stronger fascination from it than from the novel of current manners in Little Pedlington, or of the dreary dialect of the latest discovered illiterate sect. Therefore, one opens Mr. William Stearns Davis's "A Victor of Salamis" with no very exalted hope, although some of his earlier books had a fair measure of merit; but in the Attica of Themistocles he has found the period best adapted to the exercise of his powers, a hero after his own heart, a villain upon whom he can inflict deserved punishment with thorough good will and a comparatively neglected aspect of the contest between Greece and Persia, waiting for his pen to give it reality. The mind and soul and the golden eloquence of Themistocles have long been open books to all readers of history, but the Persian was a sealed book to the unsympathetic Greek, and such a picture of the Persian court, camp and host, such a portrait of a Persian patriot as Mr. Davis has made were not possible until modern research had opened some of the Persian records. His nominal hero, the friend of Themistocles, is present not only at Salamis but at Thermopylæ and sees both sides of the shield in the great war, and besides he is the embodiment of that Greek spirit in which subtilty does not develop until the harsh world strips away the husk of simple joyousness. With Glaucon the Beautiful one may forget American politics and inventions and let Attica bound one's patriotism, and see treason to her as the one darkening horror supreme over all possible dread in life. To effect this was the author's aim. The Macmillan Co.

